

The Next Number of Happy Days will Contain the Opening Chapters of a New Story.

On the Wheel for a Fortune; or, The Wonderful Adventures of a Boy Bicyclist," by Albert J. Booth.

Lance sprang after her, and laid his hand upon her bare arm.

"One moment, fair maiden," he entreated. "I seem to be in a sort of nightmare. Tell me, did you appear before me on the edge of the wood a few moments ago? And did Red Fox discover you, he and a number of his braves?"

"The pale-face talks in riddles," she answered haughtily, shaking his hand from her arm like an outraged queen. "He is dreaming. Enolo was on her way to warn him when she encountered the panther, and if he does not obey her and fly for his life he will find far more foes than the wild beasts of the forests. Even now they are on his trail, eager for his blood. He saved Enolo's life; she will save his. Do not delay; fly this very night, for ere the morning dawns death and bloodshed will be broad in all the land. To-night he can escape; to-morrow will be too late. Enolo has spoken. Heed her warning."

With these words she sprang toward the forest and disappeared within the gloom and shadows, and the young hunter, left standing there alone, could only stare after her as if she had been a spirit. His brain was in a whirl, and he was like one walking in his sleep.

among them, my God! Rose will be sacrificed!"

He sprang forward, thinking of the beautiful young girl who, if she did not fall a victim to the hatred of the savages, would meet with a fate a hundred times worse than death were she in the power of Donald Gordon, the renegade. The stories concerning the outlaw's helpless captives had been related far and wide, and many a young maiden who had fallen into his hands had taken her own life rather than be the victim of his brutality.

Rose Neville, an only daughter, living with her aged parents in the town of Old Mission, was famed throughout that section of the country for her beauty, and on account of her charms, was termed "the Rose of the West." A strong attachment had sprung up between her and Lance Thalberg, for even in that wild region, and in the midst of cunning foes with danger hidden in every corner, Cupid found his way into the manly hearts and timid breasts of youth and maiden.

Donald Gordon had long been determined to possess Rose Neville, and the young hunter knew it. No wonder he was alarmed, for he felt that the destruction of

Richard Thalberg said, in rapid, excited tones. "Promise, and then I can die in peace. Swear it, my boy, quick, before I'm gone! Raise your hand on high, and swear it where I can see you!"

"I swear to hunt Donald Gordon down, and with my own hands take his life." Lance answered solemnly, raising his hand on high, as he spoke. "I shall take rest, either day or night, until I have kept my vow. I shall have no other object life save his destruction."

"No matter who he is, you will not find him!" the dying man asked eagerly. "There is no power upon earth that can change you from your purpose! Answer me, Lance, for I'm growing very weak!"

"Father," the young man replied, in clear, firm voice, "there is no power upon earth that can change me from my purpose. Donald Gordon shall die by my hand. That I swear to you, and if I knew that he was of my own flesh and blood, I would not hesitate! Nay, if he was my own father, he should die by my hand, for I never break an oath!"

"Thank God!" burst from Richard Thalberg's ashen lips. "Thank God! At

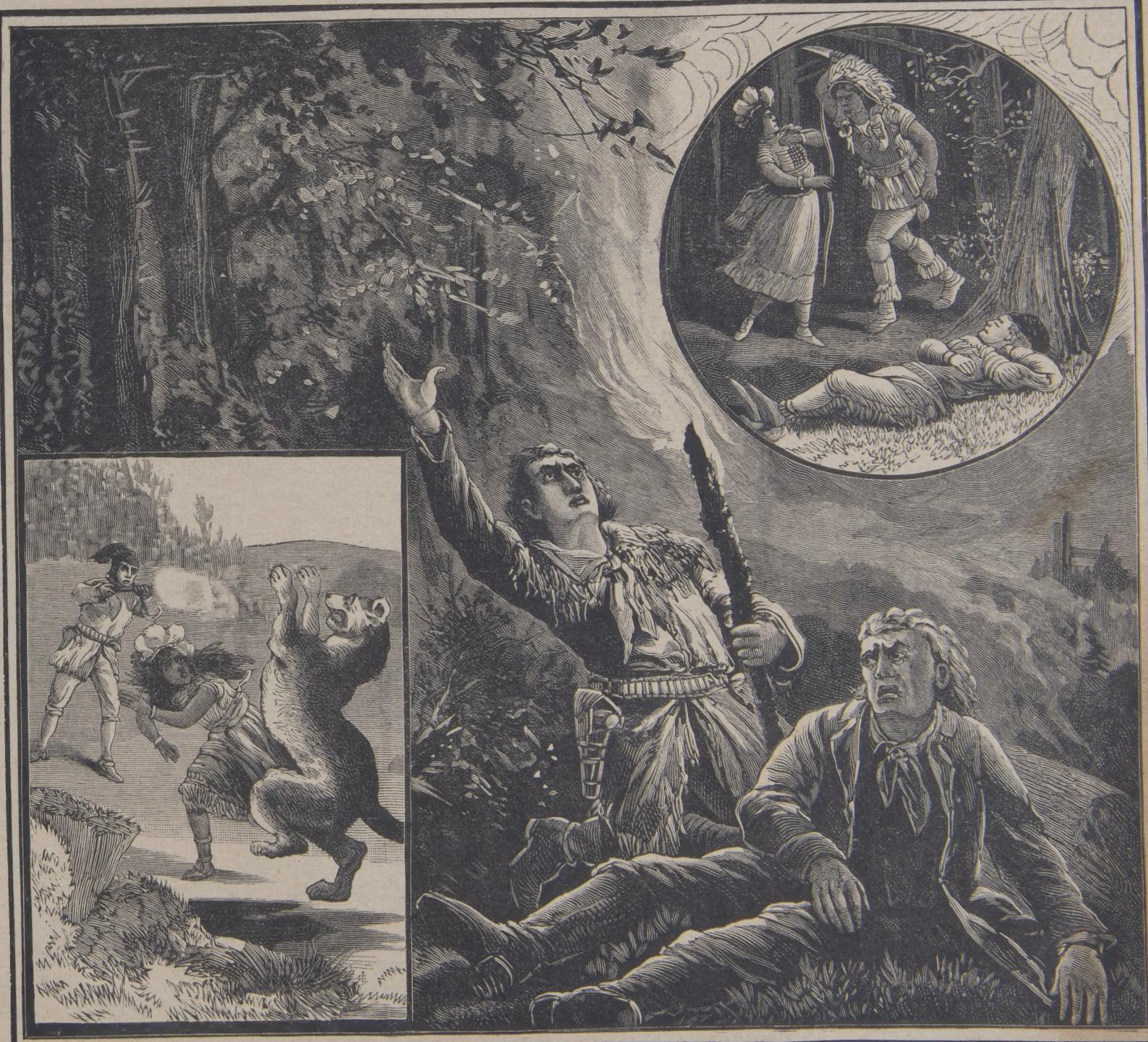
of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE, }
MONTHS, }

No. 8

THE ROSE OF THE WEST; or, LANCE THALBERG'S MISSION.

By R. T. EMMET.



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FRANK CHAS. NIGEN
Novels, Bought and Sold.
Books - Exchanged,
BELL PHONE, RIDGE 349 X.

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THE ROSE OF THE WEST.

By R. T. EMMET.

CHAPTER I.

THE HUNTER'S DREAM.

UPON the edge of the forest Lance Thalberg halted, and leaning against a huge pine, looked about him. In one hand he grasped his trusty rifle, while with the other he removed his broad-brimmed hat, allowing the balmy May breeze to play hide and seek through his heavy brown hair.

He was a fine specimen of manhood, this young hunter, with his tall, athletic figure and strong, muscular arms, that appeared capable of fighting his battles with the world. His eyes, dark and clear, keen-sighted as those of an eagle, were ever on the alert for any sign of danger, for those were the days when hidden foes lurked in every nook and corner, and one must always be on his guard.

It was a bright, warm day in early May, and the great trees in the forests of Idaho were just beginning to put forth their leaves.

"It must be high noon," the young hunter murmured, looking up at the sun, his eyes meeting the bright rays unflinchingly, "and not even a squirrel to show for my long tramp. Well, I'll eat my lunch, and perhaps I'll have better luck this afternoon."

He entered the forest, and catching sight of a moss-grown old log, seated himself to eat his noon-day meal, which consisted of corn bread and jerked venison, being careful to lay his gun within reach.

For some time there had been ugly rumors afloat concerning the Indian chief, Red Fox, and his band of warriors. Previous to that, the settlers had enjoyed a year of quiet and peace, but of late, reports had reached the town of Old Mission, which is situated at the mouth of the Cœur D'Alene river, that Donald Gordon, the notorious thief and renegade, had joined the tribe. That alone was sufficient to cause a feeling of uneasiness, for the white man was a far worse enemy than were the Indians. He was their leader, and his hands were stained with the blood of not only a score of men, but helpless women and little children.

Lance Thalberg and his father, living alone in their isolated cabin five miles from Old Mission, paid no attention to the rumors they heard, but continued to go on in their usual way.

"Time enough to worry, my lad, when we see something to worry for," Richard Thalberg had said to his son only that morning as the young man was about to sally forth for a day's sport, "but it might be well for you to keep your eyes open. Donald Gordon is a dangerous foe. He always shoots when a man's back is turned."

"Have you ever seen him, father?" Lance asked, examining the barrel of his rifle.

"Yes, I have seen him," Richard Thalberg answered, his gray eyes glittering, a strange, drawn look coming into his rugged face, while his hands shut together as though he felt them tightening around the desperado's throat, "and all I want in this world is the chance to meet him face to face. But go on, my boy," he added, turning away his head, "and if you ever meet Donald Gordon, don't hesitate to send a bullet through his coward heart, even if his back is turned, for he's done the same thing many a time."

Lance thought of those words while he sat there eating his lunch, and his father's conduct puzzled him.

"How is it that father happens to know Donald Gordon?" he asked himself. "It is just five years since he left New York to come here, and that man's name has been a terror in these parts for the last ten years. There's something very strange about it. Well, if I happen to meet Mr. Donald Gordon, renegade, desperado and horse thief, I shall put a bullet through him without any warning, and consider that I'm doing the country a favor."

He finished his repast, and sat gazing absently down at the dry, dead leaves under his feet, through which the green, trailing sprays and red berries of the partridge vine were pricking, and listened to the shrill voice of a robin calling to its mate. The low, steady hum of bees made him feel drowsy, and he wondered if there was not a hollow tree well stored with honey near.

In that deep, dense wood it was like the last hour of twilight. Everything was dim and indistinct, not a breath of wind stirred the branches of the trees. The deadly silence was oppressive.

Suddenly from out the gloom and shadows there appeared a human form. At first Lance could not make out whether it was friend or foe, for his eyes had not yet become accustomed to the semi-twilight of the forest so soon after their contact with the strong sunlight, but gradually his sight grew clearer and he remained perfectly motionless, scarce seeming to breathe.

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amps.

PPY DAYS the chance of a

a large lot of foreign post
these stamps are in good con-

following countries:

The new comer was a young Indian maid, slender, lithe, graceful as a fawn, not more than sixteen years old. She was dressed in a short dress of the finest buckskin, fringed and heavily embroidered with beads. A scarlet silken sash encircled her dainty waist; her arms and ankles were clasped round with massive bands of dead gold, and upon her head rested a half crown of ostrich tips. Her hair, glossy and black as the wing of a raven, fell in a rippling mass over her shoulders, and in one hand she grasped a bow.

Lance sat spellbound, for in all his life he had never beheld a creature one half so beautiful, and for the moment he fancied it was a dream. But it was too real to be a dream.

Slowly she came toward him, her mocassined feet making no sound upon the leaf strewn ground, never stopping until she was directly in front of him, and there she paused, a smile of wondrous sweetness wreathing her full red lips.

"Danger threatens the pale faced young hunter," she said, speaking in a strangely soft and musical voice, at the same time waving her hand in the direction from whence she came. "If he would be saved he must fly. Enolo has braved the danger of her people to come here and warn him, and he must heed her warning, else his life must be lost."

"Who are you, fair maiden?" he asked, still wondering whether she was real flesh and blood, or a spirit from the other world; "and from whence do you come?" The beauteous dusky maiden threw back her head haughtily.

"It matters not who I am to the pale face," she answered, proudly. "I have come from a long distance to warn him, and if he refuses to fly and save himself, then Enolo is not to blame, for she has done her duty."

With these words she turned to go, and Lance sprang after her, but ere he had reached her side another form suddenly loomed up from out the gloom—the brawny form and fierce, scowling face of an Indian chief, hideous in war paint and feathers.

In one hand he grasped a keen-edged, glittering bowie-knife which he held high above the maiden's breast.

"Traitoress!" he hissed, his fiendish face a picture of demoniac ferocity and hatred. "Traitoress! you shall die the same as the dog of a pale face, for whom you have betrayed your own people, and the hand of Red Fox shall be the one to drive this blade to your false heart!"

His threat did not appear to frighten the maiden, for stamping her tiny foot, she cried, angrily:

"Red Fox is a coward! He makes war upon women and little children, but he trembles at sight of a brave man! Enolo is a better warrior than he is, and she does not fear him though he is chief of a great tribe. She despises him, and she would rather die than have him lay one finger upon her!"

Her words seemed to drive the chief frantic with rage, for he raised the gleaming blade on high again, about to bury it in the heart of the maiden who stood fearlessly before him, her eyes flashing fire.

Lance could feel his blood run cold, for he knew that before he could reach her she would be dead, and he dared not shoot fearing he might kill the girl instead of the Indian chief. But when he saw the knife so near her heart he resolved to risk it.

"Better that the brave girl should die by a bullet from my rifle than by the hand of that cowardly rascal," he said to himself.

He raised the gun, and glancing along the shining barrel, took careful and deliberate aim at the brawny chief who towered above the young maiden. He set his teeth tightly together, his finger was just ready to press the trigger, when suddenly

AND STILL THEY COME.

Hundreds of Funny Faces Received Daily
From Readers of HAPPY DAYS.

We publish a few of them below. Space will not allow us to print more in this number, but every number of HAPPY DAYS, from now until competition closes, will contain a few of the funniest faces sent in by its readers.

Readers who have their funny faces printed in HAPPY DAYS must not conclude that they have drawn a prize, as we have hundreds of faces from other readers that are just as funny, but which we cannot publish for lack of space. No decision will be made until competition closes, DUE NOTICE OF WHICH WILL BE GIVEN.

Be Sure and Follow Directions as Printed Below.

You will find on page 2 of this paper a blank circle.

See if you can make a funny face from it with only four strokes of a pen.

We will give the following prizes to our readers who send us the funniest faces:

\$50.00 for the Funniest Face. \$25.00 for the 2nd Funniest.

ed, for at any moment the panther might spring at her and then no power upon earth could save her.

There was no time to be lost. Controlling himself, he set his teeth, and raising his rifle took careful aim at the panther, trusting in Providence to reach a vital spot, at the same time trying to cover its heart, a somewhat trying task, as the huge beast was rolling over and over as though trying to coax its terrified victim to have a frolic with it.

"Down, girl!" he commanded in quick, sharp tones. "Down upon the ground if you value your life!"

Quicker than a flash of lightning the panther faced him, every spark of playfulness vanishing, and the maiden released from the spell of those awful fiery eyes, sank senseless to the ground.

Lance could see the spasmodic workings of the muscles beneath the tawny skin, and he knew that if his shot missed a vital spot it meant death, for during the five years he had spent in this wild, unsettled region, he had never seen such a monstrous panther.

The animal was now regarding him with fierce, glittering eyes, crouching low to the ground, ready to spring upon him. It was waving its tail slowly, all the time growling in a horrible way that, in spite of the young hunter's bravery and coolness, caused a shiver to run down his back.

Lower and lower it crouched, the long claws scratching up the dirt as they were dug into the ground, and Lance saw that it was getting ready to leap. It would not be safe to wait longer, and the next instant he pressed the trigger.

There was a deafening report, a puff of smoke, followed by a wild, horrible scream of agony, so fearful that Lance shuddered; a dark, writhing body sprang into the air, then a dull, heavy thud, and when the blue wreathes cleared away, he beheld the huge beast struggling in the last throes of death.

It is impossible for me to describe the feeling of relief and thankfulness that filled Lance Thalberg's heart when he saw his terrible foe lying helpless before him, and realized that the maiden was safe. To make sure, however, he placed his rifle close to the panther's head, sending another bullet through its brain.

"There, I don't believe your panthers will ever cause any more trouble," he muttered, pushing his hat back, and giving the carcass a kick. "What a fearful big brute. It was mere luck and chance, though."

Then he turned his attention to the maiden. She was lying where she had fallen, not a sign of life was apparent. She did not seem to breathe, and with a sudden thrill of fear, the young hunter wondered if it were possible that she had died of fright.

Kneeling down, he placed his ear to her bosom, and listened. To his joy he found there was a fluttering of the heart, and, arising, he looked about him for a spring or brooklet for water. At a short distance from where the dead panther lay, he discovered a tiny rill from which he filled the tin flask he always carried, with water, and going back to the maiden's side, commenced to lave her temples, also forcing a few drops between her teeth.

His efforts were rewarded with success, for in a few moments she opened her eyes, and stared up at him. A shudder convulsed her form, and then when she realized that she was safe, her pride returned, and she sprang to her feet.

"The pale face is very brave," she said, in clear, steady tones. "He has saved Enolo from a fearful death, and she will always be grateful to him. But should her people find her here, they would put her to death. She will go now, and he must save himself."

With these words she turned to go, but

Lance sprang after her, and laid his hand upon her bare arm.

"One moment, fair maiden," he entreated. "I seem to be in a sort of nightmare. Tell me, did you appear before me on the edge of the wood a few moments ago? And did Red Fox discover you, he and a number of his braves?"

"The pale-face talks in riddles," she answered haughtily, shaking his hand from her arm like an outraged queen. "He is dreaming. Enolo was on her way to warn him when she encountered the panther, and if he does not obey her and fly for his life he will find far more foes than the wild beasts of the forests. Even now they are on his trail, eager for his blood. He saved Enolo's life; she will save his. Do not delay; fly this very night, for ere the morning dawns death and bloodshed will be abroad in all the land. To-night he can escape; to-morrow will be too late. Enolo has spoken. Heed her warning."

With these words she sprang toward the forest and disappeared within the gloom and shadows, and the young hunter, left standing there alone, could only stare after her as if she had been a spirit. His brain was in a whirl, and he was like one walking in his sleep.

"What a strange, strange dream," he muttered, picking up his rifle and retracing his footsteps. "To dream of some one I had never seen or heard of, and then meet them face to face. I wonder what she means by warning me to fly from danger? I know that Red Fox and his band, headed by Donald Gordon, are on the war-path again, and it may be well for me to give her words some attention. I think I'll go back to the cabin, for it's getting on toward afternoon, and I will reach it about sundown."

Buckling his leathern belt tighter about him, he shouldered his gun and tramped briskly in the direction of the log cabin occupied by his father and himself, the only home he had known for five long years. Notwithstanding his fleetness of foot, as well as his knowledge of the surrounding country, it was dusk before he neared it.

"I wonder what is the matter with father?" he said, in surprise, suddenly coming to a halt. "There is no light in the window to-night, and it's the first time that has happened since I can remember. I hope he's not sick."

All was dark and silent as he approached—an unusual occurrence, for there was always a bright light burning in the cabin window as soon as it grew dark. A cold chill struck to his heart, for like a flash of lightning he recalled the Indian girl's warning, and setting his teeth grimly, he started on a run along the narrow beaten path that led to the cabin.

CHAPTER III.

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION.

In place of the snug little cabin, with its cheerful light of welcome, a mass of smoldering ruins met Lance Thalberg's horrified eyes, as he arrived upon the scene, panting and breathless. One or two timbers that were still burning, cast a feeble, flickering glow over the spot, completing the picture of destruction and death.

"My God!" gasped the young man, staggering backward and covering his face with his hands to shut out the dreadful sight. "My God! what does it mean?"

The shock was so great that he could do nothing for a moment, save stand rooted to the spot, afraid to look at the work of some inhuman fiends, and then suddenly he thought of his father.

"Father!" he called aloud, a sickening thrill of terror filling his soul. "Father, are you here? Are you still living, or did some devil in man's form wreak his vengeance on you? Father, father, can you hear me?"

No answer, save the low soughing of the wind among the pines, met his appeal, and yet he continued to call his father's name, hoping against hope.

At last in despair he gave up, and was about to leave the desolate scene, all that remained of his home, when a low, feeble, wailing sound met his ears. At first it was so faint and seemed so far away that he tried to convince himself it was only the result of his feverish, excited imagination, but again it was repeated, and he stopped to listen.

"It is the wind among the trees," he muttered, unsteadily. "For if father has been murdered, I would have found his body. They have taken him captive, Red Fox and his warriors, to save him for greater torture. Now I understand what that Indian girl meant. What a fool I was to leave the cabin at all to-day."

The few remaining logs burning slowly, gradually grew dimmer and dimmer, until an almost total darkness hovered over the spot. Suddenly he started, an exclamation of alarm breaking from his lips.

"They will go straight on and attack the town of Old Mission," he said, excitedly, "and there will not be one left to tell the tale, for Red Fox's band outnumber the Whites twenty to one, and they will slay them without mercy, and Rose will be

among them, my God! Rose will be sacrificed!"

He sprang forward, thinking of the beautiful young girl who, if she did not fall a victim to the hatred of the savages, would meet with a fate a hundred times worse than death were she in the power of Donald Gordon, the renegade. The stories concerning the outlaw's helpless captives had been related far and wide, and many a young maiden who had fallen into his hands had taken her own life rather than be the victim of his brutality.

Rose Neville, an only daughter, living with her aged parents in the town of Old Mission, was famed throughout that section of the country for her beauty, and on account of her charms, was termed "the Rose of the West." A strong attachment had sprung up between her and Lance Thalberg, for even in that wild region, and in the midst of cunning foes with danger hidden in every corner, Cupid found his way into the manly hearts and timid breasts of youth and maiden.

Donald Gordon had long been determined to possess Rose Neville, and the young hunter knew it. No wonder he was alarmed, for he felt that the destruction of his home was the outlaw's work, and the thought of beautiful Rose being in the presence of such a deep-dyed villain caused his blood to boil.

"I can do no good here," he muttered, hoarsely. "Poor father! I shall not be doing him a wrong by rescuing Rose. I must save her from Donald Gordon if I lose my life in the attempt!"

At the first step his foot slipped, and but for his agility he would have fallen to the ground. As he fell his hand struck something soft and yielding, and a faint moan sounded upon his ear. Kneeling beside the prostrate form he passed his hands eagerly over the face and through the beard, and a low cry burst from his lips.

"Father!" he gasped, taking the cold hands within his own and trying to infuse some warmth into them. "Father, can you speak? Thank God! I have found you!"

The dying man murmured something, but it was so feeble that Lance could not catch the words. Bending his head he endeavored to hear what his father was saying, for the words were almost unintelligible.

"Brandy!" he whispered, weakly. "In my—pocket. Give—me some."

Lance obeyed him, and searching in the pocket of his hunting coat, found a small flask of brandy which he always kept for use in case of illness. He forced a few drops between his set teeth, and was rewarded by hearing his voice regain a trifle of its former strength.

"I am wounded unto death—my boy," he said, hollowly. "I have but—a few hours more to live."

"Don't say that, father," the young man murmured, though he knew it was true, "you are better than you were. Tell me if you can, who it is that committed this horrible crime?"

"Donald Gordon," the wounded man answered faintly, "and Red Fox with his braves. Now they are on their way to Old Mission to overpower and destroy the town. Leave me, my boy, for I'm almost done for, and go to the aid of the helpless women and children. One man will count against those devils, and you can't help me by staying here, for I'm past all human aid—"

"Father, for God's sake, don't talk like that!" Lance interrupted with a groan, trying to lift the heavy head. "You will be able to tell me more if you will take another swallow of the brandy. I wonder if I can find a light or torch anywhere?"

"Take one of those pine sticks and light it from the ruins," his father said, after he had taken another drink of the brandy. "Then come back to me, for I want to say something to you before I die."

Lance groped about, and finding the pine stick, thrust it into the blaze that still burned among the timbers of the ruined home, and returning to the spot where his father lay, held it so that he could see his face.

One glance told him that he could not live another hour. His pinched, pallid features were already struck with death, and the blood was oozing slowly from a bullet wound just over his heart.

With the skill of a physician Lance tore away the blood-stained clothing and examined the wound. He knew it was a fatal one from the start, and he turned away so that his father might not see his face.

"Don't turn your head away, my boy," Richard Thalberg murmured, his cold fingers closing around the warm, strong ones of his son. "I know that it's all over with me, and I am not afraid to die. But before I go, I want you to promise me one thing, and no matter what happens, keep that promise. Will you?"

"I will promise you anything, father," the young hunter returned brokenly.

"I want you to promise me that you will hunt Donald Gordon down, and with your own hand take his cowardly life!"

Richard Thalberg said, in rapid, excited tones. "Promise, and then I can die in peace. Swear it, my boy, quick, before I'm gone! Raise your hand on high, and swear it where I can see you!"

"I swear to hunt Donald Gordon down, and with my own hands take his life!" Lance answered solemnly, raising his hand on high, as he spoke. "I shall take no rest, either day or night, until I have kept my vow. I shall have no other object in life save his destruction."

"No matter who he is, you will not falter!" the dying man asked eagerly. "There is no power upon earth that can change you from your purpose! Answer me, Lance, for I'm growing very weak!"

"Father," the young man replied, in a clear, firm voice, "there is no power upon earth that can change me from my purpose. Donald Gordon shall die by my hand. That I swear to you, and if I knew that he was of my own flesh and blood, I would not hesitate! Nay, if he was my own father, he should die by my hand, for I never break an oath!"

"Thank God!" burst from Richard Thalberg's ashen lips. "Thank God! And now, Lance, my boy, listen to me? DONALD GORDON IS YOUR FATHER!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARE YOU SAVING THE POSTAGE STAMP COUPONS EACH WEEK?

MONEY IN SKUNKS.

In Lawrence County, Pennsylvania, is located the only skunk farm in the world. It is owned by John Eckman, who in April of last year killed a couple of the little creatures and sold their hides to furriers for \$2 each. He concluded that it was a profitable business, and the idea of establishing a skunk industry suggested itself, and the idea was no sooner conceived than acted upon. He immediately set to work and captured between thirty and forty skunks, and established his farm. From thirty last year his stock has increased to 330 this year, and will continue to increase in the same ratio from year to year. He keeps ten females to one male, and two litters of young ones a year is the average of a female, with from seven to nine at each litter. So that it may be seen that the rate of increase is very rapid.

A peculiarity of the skunk is that when the second litter is born the first is killed by the old ones, and this, it is said, is the reason they do not increase so rapidly in their wild condition. To prevent this killing off of the first litter Mr. Eckman separates the first litter from the old ones before the second litter is born. The first litter is placed in an addition to the original, and in this way the industry is extended. The skunks are fed offal from slaughter-houses, worthless sheep and milk. They are very hardy and seldom die of any disease. Next year Mr. Eckman expects to have 3,000 on his farm. In December of each year the killing occurs, ten males being killed to one female. The pelts are valuable, ranging from 50 cents to \$2 a piece. Black pelts are most in demand and bring the highest price. The proprietor of this farm expects to make a fortune out of the skunks, and from all indications of it is in a fair way of doing so.

The inclosure in which the skunks are kept is about two acres in extent, and is surrounded by a board fence about four feet high made out of rough timber. Just inside the fence and about three feet from it, and extending entirely around the lot, was constructed a ditch or moat, walled up with solid masonry, the object of the moat being to prevent the skunk from burrowing under the fence and escaping from the farm. Inside the moat, and extending around the inclosure, side by side, were mounds of earth that presented very much the appearance of graves, making the entire inclosure look very much like a cemetery. Beneath these mounds of earth were wooden boxes of commodious size, to which was an entrance at the end of the mound through a sort of square opening constructed of boards. In these burrows live the skunks.

DON'T MISS ALBERT J. BOOTH'S GREAT STORY NEXT WEEK.

Here is an amusing experiment for an idle hour. Shape pieces of chalk into ships, planing the bottoms evenly, and use matches for masts and smoke-stacks. Mark some of the ships with black ink, and leave the others uncolored. Place the rival ships in a pan or plate close to an imaginary line, and pour vinegar between the forces. You will hear a sharp, hissing sound like escaping steam, and the ships will at once move forward, leaving tracks of foam in their wake. Their speed increases as they near the dividing line, and they come together with a crash and bump, striving to push one another out. Sometimes the battle is very exciting, the victorious side being the one with most ships left in the center.

A LITTLE FUN.

Pastor—You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Even animals know when to stop drinking. Toper—So do I when I drink what they do.

"Tell me a story, grandma." "What kind of story do you want, Tommy?" "Tell me a story with plenty of raisins and candy in it and dog."

"Didn't the ladies who called leave cards?" Bridget—"They wanted to, ma'am, but I told them that you had plenty of your own, and better ones, too."

Miss Sere—Mr. Oldbache, why don't you take some nice girl to accompany you on the ocean of life? Mr. Oldbache—I would if I were sure the ocean would be Pacific.

Schaumburg (to Jacobs)—You was a liar and a scoundrel! Do you hear dot? Jacobs (to Schaumburg)—I hear you already, and I dinks you was talking to yourself.

"My task in life," said the pastor complacently, "consists in saving young men." "Ah!" replied the maiden with a soulful longing, "save a good one for me, won't you?"

"I will consent to all you desire," said a facetious lady to her lover, "on condition that you give me what you have not, what you never can have, and yet what you can give me." What did she ask for? A husband.

Grocer—The boy you recommended won't do at all. Customer—What has he been up to? Grocer—I gave him a notice to stick up, "All the Delicacies of the Season will be Found Inside," and he pasted it on the rubbish barrel.

An Irishman, in the midst of a speech against capitalists, declared that, "if these men were landed on an uninhabited island, they wouldn't be there half an hour before they would have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages."

"I tell yez, Mary Ann," said Micky Dolan, as he sat down to his supper, "it is not for me to be oncharitable to me fellyman, but when Dennis O'Brien, wid his wood leg, takes to carrying a cane, it looks to me like too much extravagance, so it do."

Customer—Waiter, I notice that the servants of this establishment are forbidden to receive gratuities. Waiter (solemnly)—Sir, ever since my earliest childhood I have been noted for my disobedience. I broke my mother's heart through it. I—Thank you, sir.

"Why don't you work? You're an able-bodied man," she asked the tramp. "I am that I know it well; but I've only myself to look after, but if I got work I might be depriving a man with a wife and children of a job, ma'am," the kind-hearted wanderer replied.

"Now," said a swell Murray Hill physician who is noted for his heavy charges. "I must take your temperature." "All right," responded the patient, in a tone of utter resignation. "You've got about everything else I own. There's no reason why you shouldn't take that, too."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

The largest electric locomotive in the world (2,000 horse power) was built at Zurich, Switzerland, in 1892.

Over twenty-seven thousand pounds weight of edible birds' nests are annually shipped from Java to China.

A piece of iron was found in an air passage of the great pyramid which had been there since 3,700 B. C.

There is a cave near Deadwood, S. D., that is believed to extend more than ninety miles into the bowels of the earth.

The leg of a perfectly formed man should be as long as the distance from the end of his nose to the tips of his fingers.

Recently in China a man who killed his father was executed, and along with him his schoolmaster for not having taught him better.

The largest building stones are those used in the cyclopean walls of Baalbec, in Syria, some of which measure sixty-three feet in length by twenty-six in breadth, and are of unknown depth.

One of the funeral customs of Corea is, to say the least of it, peculiar. It is a social law which compels all loyal Coreans to wear a white hat for three years after the death of one of the royal family.

If it were possible to cut sections out of the side of soap-bubbles, and then by some delicate process handle the pieces, there would be required fifty million films, laid one upon another, to make a pile one inch in height.

Can a fish's stomach digest fish hooks? The voracity of the pike is well known, but a cod, caught off Flamborough the other day, breaks the record. On opening its stomach the fishermen found no fewer than fifty-nine fish hooks, all baited.

A Chinaman who had worked ten years in the Pinal vineyard, near Stockton, entered a large wine tank against the warnings of two other employees, who knew there was deadly carbonic acid gas in the tank, and, as soon as his head struck the gas, he fell to the bottom, and he was dead before any help could reach him.

A remarkable instance of rapid growth is that recorded by the French Academy in 1779. It was a boy six years of age, who was five feet six inches in height. At the age of five his voice changed, and at six years his beard had grown and he appeared a man of thirty. He possessed great physical strength, and could easily lift to his shoulders and carry bags of grain that weighed two hundred pounds. His decline was as rapid as his growth. At eight his hair and beard were gray; at ten he tottered in his walk, his teeth fell out, and his hands became palsied; at twelve he died with every outward sign of extreme old age.

[This story commenced in No. 1.]

Jack Wright and Frank Reade, Jr. the Two Young Inventors Or, BRAINS AGAINST BRAINS.

A Thrilling Story of a Race Around the World for \$10,000.

By "NONAME,"

Author of "Jack Wright and His Electric Air Monitor" "Frank Reade, Jr.'s Sky Scraper," "Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor's Electric Sledge Boat," etc.

CHAPTER XVI. INTO A SUBTERRANEAN TUNNEL.

JACK was in a desperate situation, for the Chinaman who had seized him by the throat was a powerful man, and would certainly have strangled him to death had he not grappled him.

The rest of the swimmers closed in around them as they struggled, and raised their daggers to stab the young inventor to death.

Fortunately for Jack, though, his cry for help had been heard by Tim and Fritz, and they rushed out on deck, armed with revolvers.

Opening fire upon the Chinamen, they drove the yelling horde away from the young inventor before they could carry out their diabolical plan to kill him, and yelling to Forrest, they ordered him to fetch them a rope.

With this they hauled Jack out of the mud and upon the deck.

Those of the Chinamen who had not been wounded or killed swam for the Borneo coast, and our friends entered the submarine boat.

"Confound the luck!" muttered Forrest, disappointedly. "I was in hopes that those Chinamen would kill him. That would settle the race, and I would win Dobbs' money!"

The boat was stuck fast in the mud, but after Jack changed his clothing, he reversed the screws and finally worked her out of it.

She then continued on her way, and the daylight was repaired.

In due time she reached Balington Channel, south of the Philippines, and ran out on the Pacific Ocean.

Several days afterward, while Jack stood in the turret steering the boat, he was suddenly startled by hearing the parrot yell:

"Oh! Look out! He's got you!"

"Hem!" coughed a voice behind him.

He turned his head, and saw Forrest.

The man had entered as silently as a shadow, and when Bismark gave that yell, was just about to deal Jack a blow on the head with the butt end of a revolver to fell him senseless.

With no one to guide it, the boat would have run at random a long time, and thus would have met with another delay, while Jack would never have known what struck him.

The man mentally cursed the watchful parrot.

"Hello!" exclaimed Jack, in surprise.

"Who are you going to hit?"

"That bird," said Forrest, quickly. "I'd like to knock its head off!"

"Put up your pistol, and let it alone, or you'll have Fritz in your wool."

"I lose patience with the blamed thing at times!"

"Perhaps it wouldn't have yelled that way if you hadn't come in like a spirit. You're out of humor, Forrest."

"Very true. I have cause to be."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"I'm afraid we are going to lose the race."

"Are you? What gives you that nonsensical idea?"

"When we reach the American coast, as we have got to keep to the water, we will have to go all the way down the coast of South America, double Cape Horn, run up the eastern coast of the two continents, and then make an enormous detour. Reade, on the contrary, will not have to deviate far from his course, and thus will not lose any time."

Jack smiled and replied:

"You are mistaken about our course. I don't intend to run down one side of the Americas and up the other. Had I been obliged to do that I certainly would lose the race. I would not have undertaken it if there was no other way of getting back to Boston. Reade very likely thinks as you do, that such a detour is necessary, and he probably counts upon beating me by several months. He will therefore not hurry himself as much as he should."

A startled look crossed Forrest's dark face.

He nervously pulled at his black mustache, and asked:

"Will you tell me how you expect to cut off rounding South America?"

"No," replied Jack. "That is my secret. You'll find out in due time."

"Remember, you have no right to land in California and cross the continent by

calculated their latitude, Fritz shouted from the turret:

"Dere vos a town ahet, by der coast."

"Tim, that must be Brito, where the west end of the proposed Nicaragua Canal is to empty into the Pacific," remarked Jack quickly.

"Ay now, I'm sure o' that, accordin' ter my calkerlations," said the old sailor. "Whar's ther place yer mentioned we're ter dive?"

"Exactly midway between San Juan del Sur and La Flor, the two next seaport towns. The distance is just six miles south of San Juan. There's a stream empties into the sea there, which runs from the valley of the Rivas mountains."

Forrest had been listening intently to the foregoing dialogue, and it puzzled him and aroused his curiosity a great deal.

"What are you alluding to?" he finally asked.

"According to the information I got from one of the engineers of the Nicaragua Canal, it is plenty large enough to admit the passage of this boat. He discovered it by accident, and told me that the tide passed through the tunnel, making the lake rise and fall like the sea."

"But that don't seem ter be much current in here now," said Tim.

Jack had noticed this fact himself.

"Perhaps the tide is high now and has ceased running," said he.

"How long is this tunnel?" asked Forrest, curiously.

"About four and a half miles."

The electric lights brightly illuminated the place, and showed them that the walls had been worn smooth by a current which had probably flowed through there for countless ages.

It ran in a zig-zag course, and was filled with numerous fishes of various kinds, peculiar marine vegetation cropped up in

rail. As the western coast of the two Americas is an unbroken barrier of land, and you have got to keep to the water, I do not see how you can do otherwise than follow the course I mentioned."

"Mysterious, isn't it?" laughed Jack.

"However, when you see what I allude to, you will not think it is very strange."



THE REST OF THE SWIMMERS CLOSED IN AROUND THEM AS THEY STRUGGLED, AND RAISED THEIR DAGGERS TO STAB THE YOUNG INVENTOR TO DEATH. FORTUNATELY FOR JACK, THOUGH, HIS CRY FOR HELP HAD BEEN HEARD BY TIM AND FRITZ, AND THEY RUSHED OUT ON DECK, ARMED WITH REVOLVERS.

Forrest's mind was very much disturbed.

He realized that Jack had a perfectly legitimate way in view to make a short cut, which would save him thousands of miles travel.

In case he carried out this project, he would stand an excellent chance to win the race, and Dobbs would triumph over him.

He therefore resolved to exert every effort to delay Jack, or prevent him from winning the race at all.

"Of course," said he to Jack, in his blandest manner, "all my sympathies have been won over to you. I am anxious to have you win. But as Harvey Maxwell has appointed me a judge, I must be perfectly impartial, and see that you act fairly about the matter."

"I have no intention of acting otherwise," said Jack, coldly.

A few days after this conversation took place, they arrived in sight of the California coast of America, and a ship they encountered carried the news to San Francisco that the Sea Serpent was rushing along the coast, heading for the southward.

As the race was known of all over, the news was not only sent by telegraph throughout the country, but it was also sent to Europe and was printed in the newspapers.

Jack held a secret conference with Tim and Fritz when the boat reached the coast of Nicaragua.

At midday the old sailor took an observation of the sun, and as soon as he had

"A tunnel," replied Jack. "Now, boys, get her ready to go under water."

"I don't quite understand what you mean to do," said Forrest.

"Then I'll explain," replied the young inventor. "I know where there's a natural tunnel running under land from the Pacific into Lake Nicaragua. We are going through it."

"What good will that do us?"

"From the lake we can run through the San Juan river to Greytown, where the Nicaragua Canal begins in the Caribbean Sea."

"Ah! Then this is the short cut you mentioned?"

"Exactly," replied Jack, with a nod, and he walked away.

They finally passed San Juan.

A distance of six miles was then measured by the log.

Then the boat paused, and was sunk before a great escarpment running along the coast, and the lights were turned on.

A systematic search then began for the discovery of an opening in the face of the sunken cliff, by means of which Jack expected to save a long voyage, by making which he was bound to lose the race.

The young inventor retained control of the wheel, and the Sea Serpent was slowly driven up and down along the face of the rocks.

Finally an enormous cleft in the cliff was seen.

"That's the place!" said Jack, as he drove the boat into it.

"Vos dot obenin' plendy bick enough ter got troo?" asked Fritz.

places, and the most hideous sea-beasts glared out of obscure nooks at them, while the boat went gliding by them.

Jack kept his glance fixed upon the log indicator, until the dial finally showed that nearly five miles had been traversed.

"We are near the end of the tunnel now," he exclaimed. "Thus far the information I had about it is correct. I expect we will emerge into the lake within a few minutes now."

"Vot's dot dark cloud ahead dere?" asked Fritz, who was peering intently out the window of the turret.

"Stop ther boat! Back water!" roared Tim, the next moment.

"What's the matter?" asked Jack in alarm, as he complied.

"It's a huge mud bank!" answered Forrest. "And it obstructs our further advance along the tunnel."

"By heavens!" cried Jack, glaring out, "this end of the passage is completely blocked up by that barrier, and we can't get out into the lake from which the ooze must have come."

"Then you've got to go around South America after all!" cried Forrest, in exultant tones.

"If I do, I will lose the race."

"Shiminey Christmas!" groaned Fritz in horror.

"That settles it!" added Tim, in sorrowful tones. "We loses!"

Jack had turned as pale as death, for it was bitter to be thwarted this way, just when he imagined victory was his.

He had stopped the boat with her prow

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touching the great wall of mud choking the end of the passage.

Finally he turned to his companions, and said:

"We may as well give up the struggle. We can't get through that mass. I have no hope left now."

A diabolical grin of joy overspread Forrest's dark face upon hearing this.

CHAPTER XVII.

TAKEN FROM THE BOOK.

BARNEY had caught view of the mounted Bedouins dashing toward the fallen coon, and it suddenly dawned upon his mind that the joke he played on Pomp had taken a tragic turn.

As quick as a flash he spun the Storm King around, and putting on full speed, he sent her plunging at the robbers.

She dashed at them like a gun-shot.

Just as they raised their lances to plunge them into the darky the air-ship, with a furious buzzing of her wheels, suddenly dashed among them, as she was close to the ground.

A chorus of yells and wild neighs arose, the frightened horses pranced, reared up, and plunged away, the Bedouins nearest the machine were knocked to the ground, and a scene of excitement ensued.

Up sprang Pomp from beneath the rearward forequarters of a horse, and rushing to the after cone of the air-ship, he got aboard.

Hearing the yells of the Bedouins, the young inventor and Dobbs hastened up from below, and rushing out on deck, armed with pistols, they poured a disastrous fire into the thieves.

Many of them were wounded as they scattered and fled again, and when our friends finally ceased chasing them there was no possibility of them gathering in a group again.

The flying machine was then headed for the north, and following the course of the Red Sea she finally reached Syria, crossed the head of the Mediterranean to Turkey, and thence made her way along the border of the sea to Portugal.

On the day she reached the Guadiana river on the border it was raining hard, and Barney entered the turret, and said to Frank:

"I've just been afther clanin' ther dynamo an' mothors, and I see be ther gauge av ther oil tank we'll have ter get a fresh supply."

"Luckily you noticed it, Barney," replied Frank, "for we may need a lot to work the engine across the Atlantic. I'll send her down at the nearest settlement where we can get all we need."

"Sure an' therre's ther loikes av a good soized town now."

"That must be Castro Verde. It won't do to land close to the town, for we'll have the whole population swarming about us. I'll send the Storm King over yonder toward that railroad, and drop her among those trees through which that high road runs from Casevel."

"Is it the lingo av ther Dagos ye can spachey?"

"Oh, yes, I'll go to town and get the oil, and I'll have it carted to the air-ship," replied Frank, slackening the speed of the suspending wheels.

The air-ship then settled down rapidly.

There were several golden eagles flying over some distant crags, and ibex, lynx and wild boars among the hilly sections.

Frank leveled his telescope at the country below, and observed that it was a dismal place, for a long way a dreary plain.

Here and there rose a collection of pine trees, then a stretch of sand, then a sluggish stream, prairies of heath and great olive groves.

The few inhabitants he saw were listless, sallow and gaunt featured.

Within a short space of time the Storm King reached the ground on a broad road that ran among the olive and chestnut trees, and a large fellow, who had been herding a drove of pigs and goats there, rushed away from his shelter from the rain in fear of the air-ship.

Frank departed at once for Castro Verde to buy the oil, and he had not been gone more than half an hour when a diligence came along, in which there were a number of English travelers.

They paused and stared at the air-ship in amazement, and Barney passed out on deck, bowed politely, and exclaimed good-naturedly:

"Thee top av ther day ter yez, gentlemin!"

"Good afternoon, sir," replied one of tourists. "What is that thing?"

"Frank Reade, Jr.'s, flyin' machine, ther Storm King."

"What! One of the contestants in the race round the world?"

"It bes that. An' how, may I ask yer honor, did you know about it?"

"Oh, I read the account in the newspapers when you started. And by the way, my friend, I've got some news here for you, which may be of great interest. It is printed in this morning's edition of a Lisbon newspaper. Can you read Portuguese?"

"Divil a bit, sor!"

"Then I'll translate it for you," said the gentleman, taking a paper from his pocket, and opening it out, he glanced over the foreign news column, and added: "Ah, here it is!"

"I'm all attention, sor."

"It says: 'San Francisco, U. S. A.—The ship May Bell, which entered this port to-day, encountered Jack Wright's submarine boat down the coast this morning. The Sea Serpent was going at the rate of thirty knots an hour. Jack Wright apprised the captain that he knew a method of cutting through Central America by entering Lake Nicaragua through a subterranean passage. He will thus stand a fair chance to win the race.'"

"Howly St. Patrick!" gasped Barney, in alarm. "That is news, indade! Dyer moind givin' me that paper ter show Master Frank whin he do come back? Shure, he's garn fer ther Castro Verde."

"You can have it. Here it is," replied the traveler, and folding the paper he flung it to Barney, and the diligence went on.

Pomp and Dobbs had heard the conversation, for they stood by the open window of the pilot-house.

"By thunder!" exclaimed the speculator. "Wright may win if we do not hasten. I never suspected that he knew of any such cut as that to make, and save time!"

"Peahs ter me," said Pomp, eying him closely, "yo' seem fo' ter be rudder glad dat he stan'dat berry good chance, noney."

"No, no!" hastily replied Dobbs, smothering his exultation and pulling a long face. "On the contrary, I feel as if it would make me sick were Wright to beat us."

"Bejabers," said Barney, in anxious tones, "I do be hopin' as Masther Frank will hustle loively. Every moment is valuable now. It's loike ther wind we'll have ther thravel."

When Frank returned with the oil and heard the news he was startled beyond measure.

"Jack Wright is a clever fellow," he exclaimed. "By following the course in question, the distance he will have to travel will just about equal that which we have pursued."

"Spec's dar am gwine ter be a struggle now," said Pomp.

"You will have to go for all the boat's worth," declared Dobbs.

"On wid ther ile then," cried Barney, "an' let's be off!"

The news spurred them into the greatest activity, and as soon as they had the oil stowed aboard, Frank pulled the helice lever.

But to his astonishment the air-ship failed to ascend.

"There must be something the matter with the machinery," he muttered, and he rushed down-stairs and examined it.

He could not find anything wrong.

Then he looked at the wires thinking there might be a joint out of order, and tracing them through the rooms, he found that they had been broken from the wall in the cabin.

Upon the floor laid a massive picture which looked as if it had fallen from above the wires and broke them in descending.

If Dobbs had explained the matter, though, it would have been shown that he had done the damage, and made it look like the force of an accident.

Nearly an hour was lost mending the wires.

Then the air-ship ascended and started for the ocean at a height of 300 feet, with her driving screws going at full speed.

When darkness fell, she was far out over the Atlantic.

It was an exceedingly dark night, and when the watch was changed, Barney and Dobbs went on duty.

The speculator had a wrench concealed in his pocket when he went up into the turret, and the Irishman took the wheel.

"Dyer moind, Dobbs," said he, as they glided along, "everything saims ter be agin us."

"Even the wind keeps in our teeth," replied the speculator.

"Thrue fer you. Faix, it's a moind I hever fowld in them wings. Ivery toime ther wind do hit unther him, it makes ther boat rock loike a ship at say."

"Don't you close them! Suppose some accident should happen to the suspending wheels—we'd drop like a stone."

"Be heavens, it's ther cagy brain yez has!"

"In case we struck the water, she'd float well, wouldn't she?"

"Loike a dock in a pond. But shure an' there's no waves can le'p hoigh enough ter raich her here, me buck!"

"I presume not. How high up are we?"

"Three hundred feet. Hark! What's that noise?"

"Sounds like the machinery squeaking."

"Be after goin' down an' le' it!"

Dobbs went below, and finding where the squeaking sound came from, he lubricated the place and stopped the noise.

Then, as swiftly and silently as a shadow, he ascended to the trap in the deck in the gloom, and climbing up the helix posts he loosened the nuts, and pulled out the bolts

that held the big wheels so tightly to the uprights, that they revolved with them.

No sooner had he done this, when the speed of the helices was diminished, although the uprights kept whirling as fast as ever.

In fact, the revolutions of the wheels became slower every moment, and threatened to stop entirely in a few moments.

Flinging away the nuts and bolts, the villain hastened below, closed the trap, dropped his wrench in the tool-box, and hastily returned to Barney without having been seen.

"I've stopped the noise," he announced.

"Faith I'm glad yer did. It made cowld shivers go troo me."

"Do you want me to hold the wheel?"

"Not yet. Take it aisy until—hello!"

"What's the matter?"

"We're droppin' down."

Startled, Barney pulled the helix lever further down.

It made the uprights whirl faster, but they did not carry the big wheels around with them.

A moment later the air-ship struck the sea with a violent splash, for the small screws had not strength enough to sustain her.

The driving screws sent the Storm King ahead through the sea, and she rose and fell with the waves like an ordinary sailing vessel.

"All hands on deck!" yelled Barney, furiously.

Up rushed Frank and Pomp half dressed.

They saw at a glance what had happened.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANOTHER NEW STORY IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF HAPPY DAYS. "ON THE WHEEL FOR A FORTUNE." A GREAT BI-CYCLE STORY.

Lost at the Pole: OR, The Secret of the Arctic Circle.

BY ALBERT J. BOOTH,

Author of "Adrift in the Sea of Grass," "Castaway Castle," "The Boy Private Captain," "The Mad Magazine," "A Monte Cristo at Eighteen," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.
BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH—THE CAMP—
A TERRIBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

"To the boats, quick, to the boats for your lives!"

"Let the girls go first and then the rest, save all you can, but save life first!"

Of a sudden a great mass of flame burst through the main hatch and, fanned by the air which entered by the break in the vessel's side, quickly grew to enormous proportions.

The captain, Mr. Springer, and Dodge flew to one of the boats and quickly lowered it.

"Where is the other boat?" cried Phil, who, with Ben and Jack had gone to lower the second boat.

"There it is!" suddenly cried Jack, "out on the water, and Dalton, Shuttleworth and two of the men are in it."

"Traitors!" cried the captain. "It is they who have fired the ship."

"You haven't finished with me yet, Captain Underwood!" shouted Dalton, standing up in the boat and shaking his fist. "You'll find I'm not so easy a man to get rid of as you think."

"Where are the girls?" cried the captain, turning away and paying no attention to Dalton's words.

"Here they are!" answered Harry, appearing at that moment with Susie and Mollie.

"In with you!" said the captain. "Give them hand, Jack and Phil, get my charts and instruments from the cabin."

Harry ran back to the cabin with Phil to help him, and said as they hurried below:

"I'm sure that Dalton set the ship on fire. In fact, I saw him come out just before the flames appeared."

"It cannot help us now to know the full extent of the man's villainy," said Phil. "One cannot watch such a creature every instant. He must be mad to endanger his own life simply to satisfy his own spite."

"He doesn't deserve to live," muttered the boy, "and before he suspects it vengeance will overtake him."

"Make haste!" said Phil, getting what he wanted. "We don't know at what moment the flames may reach this place!"

Even as he spoke a small tongue of flame appeared on the cabin bulkhead.

"Quick!" cried Phil. "Make up a basket of food and don't lose your nerve, old man, whatever happens."

The boy darted away, and Phil beat out the flame with a cloak he caught up.

It appeared again in a moment, and immediately afterwards two or three more broke out.

Hastily packing up what he required, Phil called to Harry to make haste, and then ran into the pantry and seized the basket the boy had made ready.

"Up with you, it's too heavy for you!" he cried, pushing the lad ahead of him.

At the same time the fire appeared on the cabin deck and rapidly spread.

"I can't go up," said Harry, "the companionway is on fire!"

"Oh, yes you can in—hallo, what's that?"

There was a crash behind them and a great volume of water rushed into the cabin through a door leading to the after deck.

In an instant the flames were extinguished.

Harry was lifted and carried half way up the companionway, when he seized the rail and hurried upon deck.

Phil quickly followed, when the captain called to him to get into the boat.

The flames were in full possession of the forward part of the ship and were rapidly gaining ground.

The girls, Jack, Ben and Joe Dobbs, were already in the boat, and Harry quickly slid down a rope, and took his place in the stern, Phil lowering the basket to Jack.

Mr. Springer and Ben now appeared from the galley with food and water, and jumped into the boat, Phil following.

The captain was the last to leave the ship, and he was none too soon.

The flames had caught the rigging, and a shower of burning cordage and blazing spars fell on the deck where he had stood a moment before.

The boat was pushed off, the men grasped the oars, and rowed away, and in an instant more the flames swept aft, devouring everything that came in their way.

The surging waves drove them back, but then there came a tremendous explosion, and showers of blazing oil fell upon the sea and upon the waves, which dashed upon the vessel.

The oil was carried this way and that, and at last began to flow into the cabin, quickly attacking such portions of the woodwork which had until then been unharmed.

Explosion after explosion followed, and by the time the boat was a dozen lengths from the ship, there came a more tremendous crash than any that had preceded it.

The ship broke in two in the middle, and great volumes of blazing oil were thrown out upon the heaving waters.

The forepart of the ship was quickly swallowed up by the sea, but the after part remained fast on the rocks, the waves surging over it every few minutes.

"We won't get much out of the old ship to make shelters of, after that," murmured Captain Underwood. "Well, she has been a good friend to me and I shall miss her sadly, but I must not complain."

There was still danger of their being overtaken by the burning oil upon the waters, but at the same time, the light it afforded was of great assistance to them, for without it, they would not have known where to go.

"Pull steady, my boys," said the captain, steering toward a rift in the rocks where still water could be seen beyond, and in a short time the boat was safe.

The oil pursued them, but was dashed back by the returning wave, and soon the boat rocked gently in the little cove almost entirely shut in by the land.

Morning came in about two hours, and then the castaways landed, hauling the boat up a shelving rock and securing it.

There was a sheltered stretch of open ground a few rods distant, and here they made a tent of the sail and the oars, where the girls were secure from the cold, although there was very little wind at this point.

Portions of the ship and bits of broken and half burned casks were found a little later along the shore, and these were taken to the camp, where a fire was made of the smaller pieces and Dodge soon had a pot of hot coffee steaming upon the glowing embers.

Leaving Phil, Harry, Joe Dobbs and Jack with the girls, the skipper and the others returned to the ship to see what they could pick up.

They found several barrels of salt beef, and two or three dozen tins of preserved meats floating on the water near the wreck or lodged among the rocks.

They put the tins into the boat and towed two of the casks of beef to the camp, afterwards returning for more.

They were able to pick up several broken spars, and these were used upon the shelter, along with the larger portions of wreckage they had already found.

The sun shone brightly and was some comfort to them in such a desolate spot, where there was so little to comfort them.

"I think I'll get the altitude," said the captain, picking up his quadrant, "and at

noon I can get an observation and see where we are."

"We're a long way north, I know," said Mr. Springer, "and I shouldn't wonder if—"

"If what?" asked the captain, the mate having paused suddenly.

"Oh, it can't be possible," replied Springer. "It is too wild to believe."

"Do you mean that we have been lost at the Pole?" demanded the captain, earnestly.

"Yes, but it is not possible."

"Well, we'll see later on," and the captain, having taken his sight, made some figures in a note book. "Such a discovery would go far toward reconciling me to the many disasters I have met with."

Nothing more was said at that time, but later in the day the captain left the camp, taking Phil, Mr. Springer and Dodge with him.

When they reached a point near the sea where the sun could be seen to the best advantage the captain produced his instrument, and standing firmly, began to take the sun.

A silence like the grave ensued, and after a few minutes, which seemed like hours, the captain said:

"Got your watch ready, Springer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get ready. I'll give you noon in a few moments."

"Very well, sir," said the mate, watch in hand, ready to get the exact time.

"Noon!" cried the captain.

"I've got it, sir!"

The skipper took his instrument from his eye, and began to note the readings on the side.

"Get a pencil and paper, Springer—quick!" he cried, excitedly. "Great Heaven, I believe I have—eighty-six, eighty-seven, eighty-nine! Can it be possible—eighty-nine, nine—my God! Have I found the Pole?"

Crack!

There was a sharp report, and the instrument fell from the captain's hand shattered.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DALTON'S REWARD—LOOKING NORTH—THE RETURN—CONCLUSION.

As this last terrible misfortune fell upon him, the captain stood like one bereft of reason.

The mate, Phil and the ship-keeper quickly turned.

There at a distance of not more than thirty feet, with a still smoking rifle in his hand, stood Dalton.

He wore a look of Satanic triumph on his face, and with a laugh, he said:

"I told you I'd cheat you yet, my noble captain! I could have killed you, but I preferred to snatch the prize from you just as you had grasped it."

The mate and ship-keeper sprang forward, axes in hand, while Phil raised his rifle.

"Stop!" cried the captain, who seemed all at once to have come to life.

Springing forward, he snatched the ax from Mr. Springer's hand, and with terrible strides rushed furiously upon Dalton.

The miscreant sprang back, quickly fitted a cartridge to his rifle and threw it to his shoulder.

Crack!

The weapon was discharged, but high in air.

At the instant he pulled the trigger the captain's ax descended upon his head.

It crashed through the fur hood, through hair, bone and brain and stopped only at the man's shoulder.

The rifle was discharged and fell beside the dead body of the traitor.

Without a word, but with a sigh of disgust, Captain Underwood threw the ax from him and walked away.

"To the camp," he said when he came up to the others, and they followed him without a word.

Presently Shuttleworth and the two sailors came running to the spot from some place among the rocks, evidently attracted by the sound of firearms.

They stopped, horrified, when they saw the dead body of Dalton lying on the rocks, the men drawing back, uttering exclamations of terror.

Shuttleworth at first retreated, but then seeing no one near he advanced and kicked the dead man savagely in the side.

"Hal! you weren't so smart as you thought you was!" he sneered. "You got come up with at last, didn't you!"

Phil, being the last of his party, saw the movement as he turned, and heard the contemptuous words.

"You are positively beneath contempt!" he said. "When this man was alive you cringed and fawned upon and flattered him, like the miserable parasite you are, but now that he is dead you spurn and insult him. He is more of a man, dead, than you are alive. Bah! it is useless to waste words upon such as you."

Quicken his pace, Phil overtook the others and told them what had happened.

The captain alone took no interest in the recital.

"Lost at the Pole!" he kept repeating. "Lost at the Pole. To have achieved glory and then to have lost it."

They reached the camp and Susie noticed at once the change in her father.

She questioned him, but although he caressed her and spoke kindly to her, he would say nothing of what had happened except:

"Lost at the Pole, fame, reputation, honor, all lost."

Phil told the girls what had occurred, when the captain was not present, and added:

"I am afraid that this misfortune has affected his mind, I do not even think that he knew what he was about when he killed Dalton. The disappointment was so great that it crazed him, and in his madness he struck down the man who had snatched from him the inestimable prize, the glory of being the first to discover the Pole."

"But if you know it," said Susie, "will not men believe that—"

"No," said Phil, shaking his head. "No man's mere statement would be enough. None of us saw the instrument, your father alone made the calculations and there is no record of them, no means of confirming his declaration."

"It is nothing to have discovered the pole," said the girl, bitterly, "if my poor father is to lose his reason. What do I care for the glory, if I am to lose his companionship, his advice and the comforting words he always gave me?"

"It is, indeed, sad," replied Phil, "but perhaps, some day, when the disappointment wears off he will regain his reason and be himself once more."

"Perhaps," repeated the girl sadly.

In the afternoon the castaways went out to the wreck and secured much that was useful, including a spare sail and oars, provisions, water, extra clothing, oil for the lanterns, rope and many other things that would prove valuable to them.

They set to work to make their shelter more habitable, and by night they had put it into very good condition.

The captain took no interest in anything but sat in silence for an hour at a time, and when he did speak it was only to repeat his monotonous lament:

"Lost—everything lost at the Pole!"

The next day Mr. Springer consulted with the others as to what was best to be done.

"The skipper is thoroughly irresponsible at present," he said, "and the command of the expedition devolves upon me, but I wish to see what you all think. I am in favor of trying to reach land, and the nearer it is the better."

"I reckon we all think that, sir," said Dodge, "and I don't think you need take no vote on it. There's Mr. Shuttleworth and the two men to be considered, for, of course, we can't leave 'em up here to die."

At that moment Harry Springer, who was not present at the consultation, came in and said:

"Shuttleworth and the two men have taken their boat and have put to sea in it. They had the sail up and were using oars as well, and the boat seems to be well stocked with everything."

"They are mad!" cried Mr. Springer. "They can't have undertaken such a journey all alone! They must be merely cruising along shore in search of a good place to build a camp."

Several of the party went to the shore and found that Harry was correct and that the men had indeed departed.

Their boat was well down on the horizon and before long it disappeared entirely.

Search was made for the body of Dalton, but it was not found and it was supposed that the two men had thrown it into the sea to be borne away by the tide, never to be reclaimed.

When the boat was put into good order, stocked and provisioned and made ready for the voyage the castaways embarked.

Captain Underwood took his seat in the stern, but not to steer or in any way direct the movements of the party.

With his face turned always to the north he sat for hours looking back upon the land he had left, gazing with intense longing toward the spot where he had achieved greatness and had lost it at the same instant.

At night he would seek the north star and gaze at it with the same intensity that he had looked toward the north, only at rare intervals uttering a word and then it would be the same sad lament:

"Lost at the Pole, lost, lost!"

For days and days they sailed, now tossed by the waves, now rudely buffeted by the winds, assailed by storms, but pushing steadily on.

At last they reached the land. What it was they knew not, for they had no means of taking an observation, but still they went on.

Across the wilderness they went, over barren plains, meeting no one, having no shelter at night except what they could make with the oars and sails, for the boat

had been destroyed in landing—but still journeying on.

They finally met natives, and learned that they were in Siberia.

From the natives they received some assistance, and finally reached Russia and civilization.

Here their story attracted attention, and they were sent to England, where they found many friends and received all the assistance they needed.

They all took a ship to America, and for many days the captain continued to turn his face to the north, but at last he said to Mr. Springer:

"I haven't been myself for some time—I, Springer?"

"A little strange perhaps, but that's all."

"We were wrecked, were we not, and you took charge of the party?"

"Yes."

"Where are Dalton and Shuttleworth, and others that I don't see?"

"They were lost," said the other, simply, seeing that the captain remembered nothing.

"Ah, that is sad, but we are saved, and we must be thankful for that."

Years have passed since then, during which nothing has been heard of Shuttleworth or his two companions.

Captain Underwood has retired from active life. Phil and Jack, now married to Susie and Mollie, have made many voyages in their own ships, but never to the north. Harry is Phil's mate, and Ben is his cook. Mr. Springer lives in retirement, and Dodge keeps a ships' supply establishment, but at intervals they all meet, and are as good friends as when they were all

LOST AT THE POLE.

[THE END.]

ON THE WHEEL FOR A FORTUNE,
BY ALBERT J. BOOTH, BEGINS IN THE
NEXT NUMBER.

ON

The Night of the 9th

OR,

OLD KING BRADY AND THE MAN
WHO WAS NEVER SEEN.

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE,

Author of "Brady, Greene and Sleuth,"
"The Two Stars," "Old King Brady
and the Ventriloquist Banker," "The
Great Death Diamond," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE CONFESSION OF THE MAN WHO WAS
NEVER SEEN.

PULL! PULL! Now's our chance! Pull
away!"

It was the unknown who spoke.

And he spoke the truth, as usual.

It was a chance in a thousand favoring their escape from the James Boys.

A chance they had no right to expect.

For as the occupants of the outlaws' boat fell back with that cry of terror, when the face of the man who was never seen was shown them, Dick Little managed to drop one of the oars into the creek, as we have said.

This was the beginning.

"Ten thousand fiends! Who and what are you?" roared Jesse, springing up at the same instant.

He had dropped his revolver in his first

flight.

This leaving him unarmed, he tried to seize Clegg Miller's rifle.

For Clegg sat with chattering teeth, trembling from head to foot.

But this movement of Jesse's was fatal to all his plans.

For all in an instant the boat overturned, and Jesse found himself floundering in the creek with his friends.

"Good heavens! Look at them!" cried Old King Brady. "We can easily capture them now!"

"Don't think of it!" cried the unknown. "Remember the danger that we have left behind us!"

Then it was that he made use of the words quoted above.

"Pull! Pull! Now's your chance! Pull away!"

And pull they did, for all they were worth.

But Nat managed to pull something beside his oars.

It was the black cloak of the unknown.

The oar caught in the cloak, and in an instant it was overboard, and hung out upon the water.

The unknown gave a gasping cry.

He tried to recover it but failed.

A cry of horror broke from all lips then.

They had obeyed the commands of their strange conductor.

When he showed his face to the James Boys heads had been turned the other way.

But even now they saw the face only for an instant.

For he clapped his hands upon it and bowed his head.

Silence followed for a few moments.

Old King Brady reached for the cloak and got it.

He flung it to the unfortunate man, who wet as it was, pulled it over his head without a word.

It was indeed a terrible sight.

For the face our friends beheld in that moment of exposure was a face without a nose, without ears, a face with the skin horribly disfigured, lips burned away and teeth exposed.

But enough of detail.

We have told but part of it.

Old King Brady wondered no longer that the wretched being took such pains to keep himself concealed.

Steadily they pulled along the creek.

Shouts and loud cries were heard behind them.

Then a little later sharp firing began.

"They've attacked the James Boys," said Nat.

"It's the counterfeitors no doubt," replied Old King Brady.

Then to the unknown he said:

"Don't take it so much to heart, friend; you can't help your looks. I'm sure all of us feel too much obliged to you to—"

"Stop!" cried the unknown, adjusting the cloak in the usual way. "Stop! Let me speak!"

"We are all at your command," said the detective, politely.

"This mystery must be no longer a mystery. You must know who and what I am."

"I confess I am curious."

"Your curiosity shall be gratified. Yet I cannot tell my story. I am not equal to it. Question me and I will answer, and you can rely upon it that my answers will be the truth."

Now of course Old King Brady asked for nothing better than that.

Was the mystery of the night of the 9th about to be explained at last?

"Your name to begin with," he said in a low voice.

"John Multon."

"Indeed! And what are you to Mathew Multon, the—"

"The man who hired you on this case? I am his brother, Mr. Brady. He has betrayed me dead for many years."

"You know what interests me most?"

"The strange doings on the Night of the Ninth at the Multon Mills!"

"Exactly."

"They shall be explained. You are aware that my brother sold a half interest in his mills to one Renfrew for the sum of \$50,000."

"I am."

"Know then that Renfrew was at one time associated with the Denzer gang of counterfeitors, of which I have long been the slave. He desired to leave it and enter into honest business; the gang objected. They planned to steal the money he paid my brother, blow up the mills and put Renfrew to death."

"Ah! I begin to see."

"Every movement he made was watched. It was known that he paid the money. The gang were at the Rockery, and it was planned to blow up the mills on the night of the 9th."

"Which plan you tried to prevent?"

"No, I could not do that; but I was determined to save my brother's money."

"Pardon me, did these scoundrels know that you were a brother of Mr. Multon?"

"No, I am known to them by another name."

"Did you send Jack Skillman the telegram?" asked Nat, who with Camille had been eagerly drinking in every word.

"I did."

"And it was you who spoke to him in the mill—who showed him the money in the safe?"

"It was."

"Let me speak," said Old King Brady. "The James Boys, were they in the plot?"

"No; they were only an accident. In some way Jesse seems to have got wind of the fact that the money was in the safe, but before he reached the mills they were blown up."

"I thought as much. Still they shot Jack Skillman."

"They did."

"They got the gold?"

"No."

"How was that?"

"While they were chasing him the explosion came. It started the outlaws

"Go on! Go on! Let us hear the end," said Old King Brady. "How was it that when young Skillman came to his senses he found himself at his own door?"

"That is as easily explained as all the rest."

"Explain it then."

"It was my doings. I rescued the young man. I hired two of the gang less steeped in crime than the rest to take him back. He was chloroformed in order to keep him quiet. They took him to Independence by train, left him on his own door step and fled."

"A strange story. Why did you do this? I had an interest in the young man. I—I in short, I once loved his mother before—"

The unknown sobbed. He seemed to break down completely.

But he soon controlled himself, and Old King Brady resumed:

"And as for the rest?"

"There is no more to tell. I have been trying ever since to help you, but my efforts have been hindered by these men."

"It was you who sent me the anonymous letter which called me to the Rookery?"

"It was. There again the coming of the James Boys interfered with my plans. The gang was absent then. There was no one in the house but Barnacle and a few others. He had taken Miss Winters prisoner and was determined to marry her."

"Ah! that brings us to you, young lady," said the detective. "You may as well confess your share in this strange affair."

Camille blushed.

"I left my home on account of an anonymous letter which was handed to me," she said.

"Ah! and what was the letter?"

"It purported to be from a friend of Jack Skillman's. It told me that he had robbed his employer and had to fly the country."

"And asked you to fly with him?"

"Yes."

"And you consented?"

"Yes. I ought not, but—"

"But you did. Well?"

"I entered a carriage which was waiting for me around the corner, Mr. Brady. There I was seized by two of Bat Barnacle's creatures who drove me out to the Rookery."

"And the rest?"

"Don't ask me! I cannot bear to recall it. I have suffered fearfully for my folly, Mr. Brady. I—"

"Enough! I will press you no further—I suppose young Skillman's arrest was brought about by the Denzer gang, Mr. Multon?"

"Don't call me by that name. I am now nobody. I don't exist. Yes, it was so. A false telegram was sent the chief of police false."

"I saw the telegram, and I think I may say that now the last of this mystery is cleared away."

"And Jack is innocent!" cried Nat, joyfully.

"As innocent as a baby of any crime," was the reply from behind the cloak.

"Thank God!"

And Camille softly wept, but spoke no word.

"There is one thing which you have not yet told us," said the detective. "I don't know that I ought to ask it, but—"

"Stop! You refer to my face!"

"Yes."

"I cannot and will not answer. Let me say this: I met with a terrible accident. It was the result of my own wickedness and folly. I was burned and maimed by the hands of scoundrels even more wicked than myself."

And this was all he told.

For Old King Brady could not bring himself to question the wretched man further.

In silence they pulled on along the stream.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE JAMES BOYS' BOLD ESCAPE.

WHILE Mr. Multon's wretched brother was thus disclosing the secrets of the strange doings on the Night of the 9th, the James Boys were having a lively time of it. Fortunately all hands could swim.

This alone saved them, for there was no opportunity to right the overturned boat.

Even as they were trying to do this, there was a clatter in the woods behind them, and a number of mounted men rode out into full view in a little cleared space near the island.

"By Godfrey!" breathed Jesse, "it's Carl Greene!"

Now, the mere mention of the name of the James Boys' greatest enemy was enough to strike terror to the hearts of Frank, Clell, and Dick Little.

"Swim for the shore, boys! Never mind the boats," breathed Jesse.

The command was obeyed.

In silence the outlaws crept up under the bushes and lay concealed.

They were now within a few yards of Carl Greene's party.

Every word that was spoken they could distinctly hear.

"This must be the place, Rooney," Carl called out. "I can see your island over there."

"Are there two big trees on the other side?" asked the blind man.

"Yes."

"Then it's the right island. Hark! Do you hear that?"

"I hear somebody pounding."

"See any one?"

"No."

"You will in a minute, though," chuckled the blind man. "Let's get under cover."

"And pounce upon them when they come across?"

"Yes."

"A good idea! You think they are coming up out of the secret passage?"

"I don't think anything about it. I know it."

"Who built it?"

"It was built by a fellow we call Nemo, or the man who is never seen, years and years ago."

"Ah, I have heard of this individual! Goes prowling about with a black cloak over his head, don't he?"

"Yes."

"Said to be crazy?"

"Some say he is. He didn't used to be, but of late—"

"Hush!" breathed Carl. "They're coming now! Back, boys! Back into the woods!"

They had not long to wait.

Within a moment a man was seen to rise up out of the ground, apparently in the middle of the little island.

The bright moonlight fell upon him and showed Carl Greene that his face was masked with a strip of black cloth.

"They're gone!" the man called.

"They're gone and so is the boat!"

The words were scarcely uttered when another came up and joined him.

Then another, and others still followed. Jesse who saw all this from his concealment counted ten. One was in convict's dress.

It was Bat Barnacle, of course.

The James Boys watched and listened breathlessly.

There was some further talk on the part of the counterfeiters.

Talk which related to Old King Brady's party.

This was all plain enough to the James Boys, but not understood by Carl Greene, and those who watched with him.

Unless indeed, it was the blind man.

But if he understood, he did not speak. Soon a boat was dragged up out of the hole.

In this the ten men were ferried over to the mainland, the boat making three trips to accomplish this.

While the boat went back and forth little was said.

It did not take long.

Less than ten minutes had elapsed when the counterfeiters were all on the opposite bank.

They were heavily armed, and presented a rather formidable appearance, with their black masks, and the glittering rifles in their hands.

The James Boys watched them with the greatest curiosity.

But for the money they had about them they would most surely have taken a hand in the game.

"Well, that's all! We'd better be moving," spoke one who seemed to be the leader.

The words had no more than escaped him when the shots heard by Old King Brady's party in the boat, began to fly.

"Surrender!"

"Shoot 'em down, boys!"

"Spare no one!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAPPY DAYS IS THE BEST STORY PAPER PUBLISHED, AND IS BOUND TO KEEP UP TO THE TIMES.

HANDSOME HARRY —OF THE— FIGHTING BELVEDERE.

By CASTON CARNE,

Author of "Around the World on a Safety," "Across the Continent on a Safety," "We Three; or, The White Boy Slaves of the Soudan," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LVI.

IRA KNOWS HIS BIRD.

THE want of action which the restless spirits of the Belvedere found so trying did not long exist, for one evening, just upon sunset, Bill Grunt reported a sail in the horizon, and Harry was upon the alert in a moment.

But three days had elapsed since he had walked forth, but even that short time had worked wonders, and the longing, if not the ability, to handle a cutlass again, sprang into his breast.

The words, "A sail!" were to him like the trumpeted blast to an old war-horse, and rising from his couch within the tent, he insisted upon going upon the deck of the Belvedere. Tom and Ira endeavored to dissuade him, but all in vain.

"It may be only a passing merchantman," said Tom, "and to-morrow may show us a clear sea again."

"Or, say that it is a war vessel," added Ira, "it cannot have seen us, and now that night has fallen," darkness came as he spoke, "they are not likely to linger about here."

"If there is no danger," replied Harry, "then matters will be much as they are; but should there be any, would it be right for me to be away? Sick or well, weak or strong, my post in the hour of danger is upon that deck."

So he went, and the men wanted to receive him with an ovation, but he would not have it.

"Silence fore and aft!" he said. "I know your hearts too well to need a shout. It is best to be cautious in the presence of an enemy whose strength is unknown."

A strict watch was kept all night, and the deck was prepared for action as quietly as possible.

It was a wise precaution, for the dawn might show them the stranger within a mile of them.

And when the dawn came there he was—a vessel armed to the teeth, anchored about two miles away, with the Spanish colors flying at the masthead.

The Spaniard seemed to be taken by surprise, for such a hullabaloo as never was uprose when the Belvedere stood out in the morning light. Men ran to and fro, officers stood upon the upper deck and swore, the magazine was opened, the guns run out, and mighty preparations generally carried out.

"That's a filibustering sort of chap," said Ira; "he is in too much of a hurry to be a regular dealer in powder and shot."

"I intend to stop his filibustering," returned Harry, who was sitting upon a camp stool, with Samson and Ching-Ching armed to their teeth behind him.

In obedience to his command, the Belvedere struck out her sails, and bore down upon the Spanish craft, which was at least double their size.

This audacious movement raised a little more commotion on board the stranger, who, without any preliminary blank cartridge, began wildly to fire solid shot.

The iron missiles struck the water before and they struck it behind—now on this side, now on that; but never a one struck the Belvedere.

"Shall we reply, sir?" asked Bill Grunt, who, next to Ching-Ching, and all Chinamen, hated Spaniards most of all living things.

"No hurry," returned Harry; "we must get considerably nearer before they can hit us."

"This is getting humorous," said Ira, as he watched the fountains of water leaping up as the shot struck. "Why don't they try to miss us, and then they might do a little mischief?"

Tom laughed, and rolled himself a cigarette.

"Give me a light, Ira," he said. "Thank you. Fellows like that never hit anything—whether they try it or not."

"That was nearer the mark," said Ira, as a shot struck the sea before them, and, rising, bounded clean over the Belvedere.

The Spaniard now ceased firing for a moment, and the canvas of his mainsail fell out.

It was now time for Harry to begin.

"Grunt," he said, "cut that away."

The old boatswain, who had his guns ready, pointed the bow gun and fired.

The shot struck the mast just above the sail, and the terrified Spaniards, who were aloft endeavoring to set it, tumbled down upon the deck like a lot of monkeys from a coconut tree.

More raving and swearing from the officers, and signs of a deal of kicking going on. This induced some of them to attempt the ascent again.

But now the bow gun was loaded once more, and a better aim cut the huge sail clean away, and brought it down with a crash, burying half the officers in its folds.

Judging from the sounds which followed, one might reasonably have assumed that, at least, half the duffers on board were being roasted alive.

"Oh, these fellows are hardly worth powder and shot," said Harry. "Run up and call upon them to surrender."

But the Spaniards, if not particularly brave, are very treacherous, and their officer, readily interpreting the silence of the Belvedere, hauled down their flag in token of defeat.

The next moment they passed word for the men on the side of the vessel next the Belvedere to take good aim and be ready to fire.

The officers and some of the crew stood still with affected listlessness, and it appeared as if they were all ready to surrender; but it was not so. They had their cue and were only practicing a ruse which had been successful on more than one occasion.

"I am sure I do not know what to do with the craft when I have got it," said Harry. "Bother the fool, why did he not keep out of my way?"

"Missa Harry," said Ching-Ching, softly.

"Well?"

"If you hab no good for dat vessel, gib him to Samson and me."

"But what on earth would you fellows do with it?"

"Oh, we sail him, Missa Harry."

"But you know nothing about sailing."

"We hab men on board to do de work," said Ching-Ching; "and Samson and me sit on old King Matta's mat and gib orders. I tink dat I make Missa Grunt de frost ossifer, if he promise to be bery good."

Bill overheard this remark, and was heard to remark:

"That might be he be flayed and skinned, roasted and biled, if ever he sailed under a yuller-mugged, cod's-headed Chinaman!"

"Well, I must think it over," said Harry, smiling; "there are, of course, other men who must be considered in the matter of prize money."

CHAPTER LVII.

THE BITER BIT.

IRA STAINES was standing a little apart from the group while this conversation was going on, looking curiously at the Spanish craft.

He had no downright suspicion of anything wrong, but there were two or three things about which he did not exactly like.

"They are too demonstrative," he said aloud—"too abject even for the half bred filibustering Spaniards, and there is too much system in the grouping of both officers and men—and yet, no, it is impossible—he has struck his colors, and he is our prize."

"You are wrong," said a voice close to his ear; "the fellow means treachery."

Ira turned with a startled look upon the speaker, and saw by his side the swarthy doctor who had appeared to be dumb.

But the man was no longer a savage in his eyes—no longer a member of a race of savages—the voice had betrayed all, and Ira knew him.

"Ha!" he said. "It is you, Captain Brocken."

The wretched man staggered back a pace and looked at him with affrighted horror.

"Hush!" he whispered hoarsely; "do not betray me. I—I—an unarmed man and can do no wrong."

Ira was sorely troubled.

It was neither the time nor the place to expose the man, but he felt that he could not permit him to remain on board.

He knew the pirate captain well and had seen him perform many a relentless and cruel deed; how, then, could he trust him now?

"Come this way," he said hurriedly, and the pair drew a little further apart.

"We have been comrades," continued Ira, "and I am loath to betray one man, especially when such odds are against him. If, as you have said, that fellow means treachery, a big fight will follow. In that case you must manage to get away in the commotion. If he yields, then you must seize the first opportunity to go ashore, and hide in the wood until we have left these shores."

"Are those the only alternatives you can give me?" asked the pirate.

"The only ones—choose between them and prompt exposure."

The pirate reflected for a moment with a saddened face.

Ira remarked that there was not what we generally called fear in it, and wondered.

"I accept," said Captain Brocken, looking up; "and now bid your gallant captain look to his treacherous foe."

"You take an interest in him?" said Ira, with a dubious smile.

"What matters it to you whether I take an interest in him or not?" replied the pirate sternly.

Ira moved away, and as he did so old Cutten stumped past with a very wooden expression on his particularly wooden countenance.

"I hope he has heard nothing," muttered Ira. "Pooh, of course he has not."

But Cutten had heard a deal, and like all low, cunning natures, had at once conceived a notion of making use of it.

Harry received the warning from Ira with all the attention that it deserved, and as the ships were within a quarter of a mile of each other, quickly bade the men stand to their guns.

"If he means treachery," he muttered, "I—"

What he would have said was never spoken, for the Spaniard interrupted it with a broadside, which, on the whole, was fairly aimed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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in nervous state.

[This story commenced in No. 6.]

Dick, the Apprentice Boy;

OR,
BOUND TO BE AN ENGINEER.

A Thrilling Story of Railroad Life.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN,

Author of "An Engineer at 16," "On Time," "Shore Line Sam, the Young Southern Engineer," "Tom Train, the Boy Engineer of the Fast Express," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

EXCITING INCIDENTS—THE TABLES TURNED.

So swift and unexpected and withal so unusual and daring had been Dick's thrill-

The guards in charge of the treasure car had come out upon the platform and were of course much interested. As they saw the obstruction and realized the close escape which was theirs, naturally they also

So excited and interested were passengers and all in the affair that they had flocked from the cars in a body and were gathered at the obstruction.

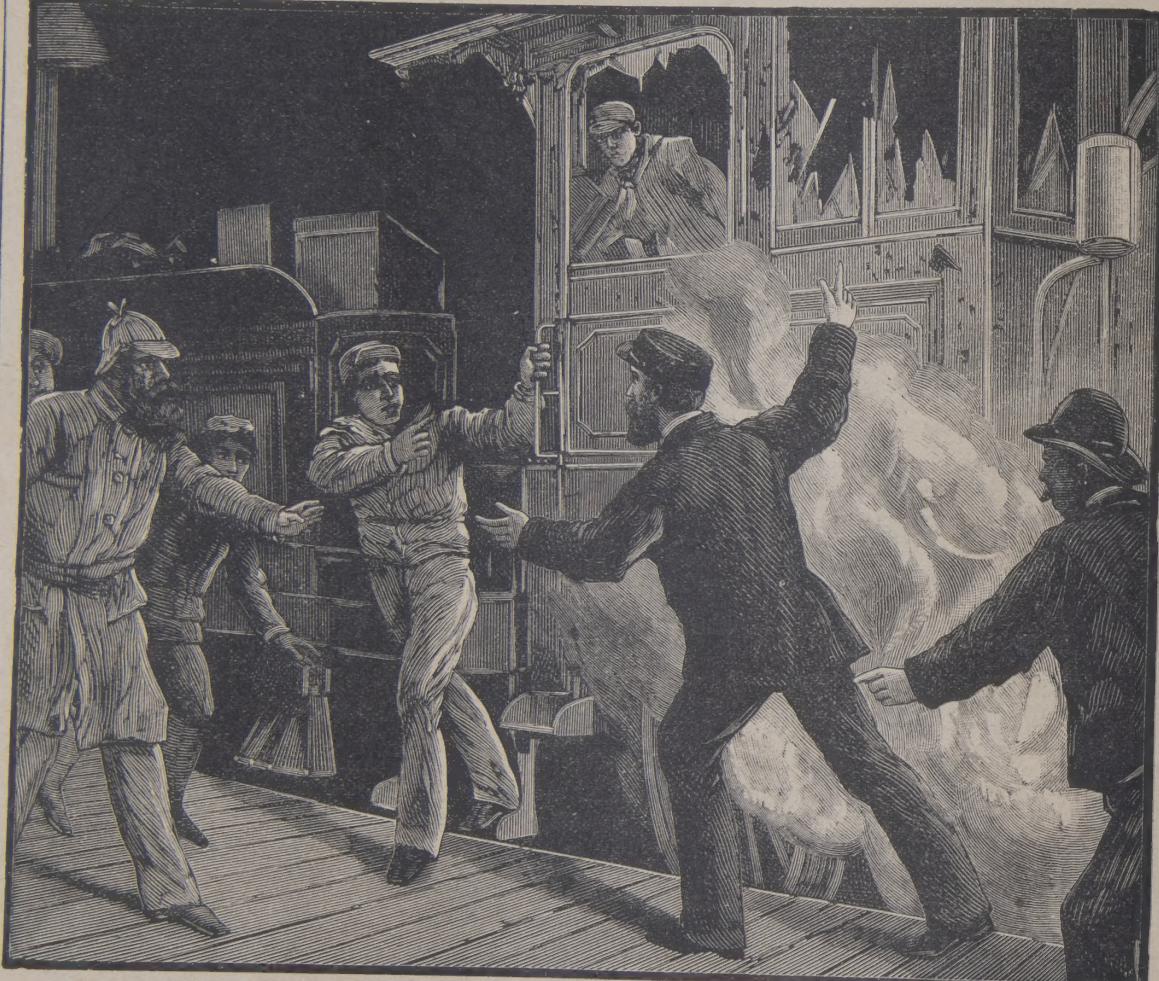
This left the rear end of the train deserted and wholly unprotected. The result proved serious.

Dark forms had crept from the woods in the rear of the train. They entered the deserted cars, and pushed forward even to the very door of the treasure car before their presence was discovered.

Half a score of masked men, armed to the teeth, had thus instantly taken possession of the train by a most unexpected and daring coup.

Upon the rear platform of the treasure car were three of the guards. What could they do in the face of such overpowering numbers?

Shots were exchanged. One of the guards was instantly killed. The other two with slight wounds escaped.



DIVISION SUPERINTENDENT WARDE RUSHED UP TO THE CAB JUST AS DICK ALIGHTED. "MERCY ON US, MAINS," HE CRIED, "WHAT HAS HAPPENED? WHERE IS THE TRAIN?" "HELD UP BY BLACK JAKE AND HIS GANG IN DEEP CUT!" REPLIED DICK, AND HE HASTILY GAVE A THRILLING RECITAL OF THE AFFAIR.

ing move that it was an instant success by sheer force of *coup-de-main*.

The deadly muzzle of the Winchester frowned down upon the train robbers did not give them time to aim at their plucky captor.

The madness of attempting an aim was evident. Each of the three train robbers knew that this would mean death to at least one of them.

Of course Dick would have been killed before he could have killed all three of the desperadoes. But they did not care individually to risk a bullet from the Winchester.

"Quick! Hands up or you die!" shouted the young engineer.

Armed men had leaped from the treasure car and from the other cars. Train bands were rushing forward.

As they came forward of the engine the situation was seen at a glance. Dick Mains was recognized as the hero of the occasion.

In less time than it takes to tell it the would-be trio of train robbers were made prisoners. Surrounded by the trainmen, escape was impossible for them.

Dick had lowered his Winchester and descended from the cowcatcher. Cheers greeted him as he did so.

"Dick Mains, you have saved the train and the treasure!" cried one of the crowd.

The conductor, Sam Clark, was perhaps the most excited man in the throng. It was the first time his train had ever been held up, and he was in an exceedingly

fell to praising the pluck and daring of the boy engineer.

"Dick Mains is all right!" cried Express Messenger Wilson, who had been on Dick's train at the time of the long run through the burning woods. "He may be young in years, but he has an old head. I'll trust him with my life any time."

"You're right, Wilson!" agreed Conductor Clark, "but—I wonder if these fellows are really members of Black Jake's gang?"

"I don't know. Suppose somebody questions them?"

"A good idea!"

It was the general impression that the three train robbers had accomplices near, who had perhaps sought safety in flight. It did not seem plausible that three men should, unaided by others, attempt to hold up the train which they knew must be guarded by many times their number.

So Clark conferred with the guards of the treasure car, and it was decided to question the three captured robbers.

They were brought alongside the locomotive cab and Clark officiated as the interrogator.

He vainly endeavored to force a confession from them. The train robbers persisted in remaining doggedly silent.

This made Clark very angry and he cried:

"Chuck them into the baggage car. We'll take them down to Woodville, and perhaps they will change their minds after they get down there."

Willing hands seized the three villains. But before the move could be executed a thrilling incident occurred.

What followed was swift and desperate work.

A charge of dynamite was hurled against the barred door of the treasure car. It was instantly shattered.

The half dozen guards were obliged to flee from the opposite door. They barely escaped with their lives.

The situation was a most thrilling one. Into the car poured all of the train robbers. The tables had suddenly and most completely been turned.

The treasure was certainly theirs, the train also. For a few moments passengers, train hands and guards, were paralyzed.

Dick Mains, in the cab with Jerry Dane, cried:

"Upon my word, Jerry, the worst has come to pass!"

The stoker's face was livid.

"We might as well give up!" he said. "I jest feel as if we was going to get into a scrap!"

"Give up?" cried Dick. "Never!"

"But they'll be into the cab next!"

"We must not let them!" cried Dick.

"break the coupling. Quick!"

"What good will that do? We can't go ahead!"

So it seemed, for the obstruction was certainly in the way. But Dick did not wait to explain his plan.

In a moment he was between the tender and the baggage car. He quickly freed the engine.

He threw a sleeper under the truck of the baggage car. Bullets were whistling all about him.

(Continued on Page 11.)

[This story commenced in No. 1.]

YELLOW AND BLACK; OR, THE TWO BOSSES OF WHACKINGTON ACADEMY.

By SAM SMILEY,
Author of "A New Tommy Bounce," "Aunt Maria," "The Shortys Doing Europe," etc.

PART VIII.

WING and Wash soon found out that they were in the wrong box when those Irishmen went for them.

Brannigan, and Finnegan and Mulligan got up upon their ears.

Flaherty, and Rafferty and Slattery began to pick up chairs.

Donnevan, and Sullivan and Casey wanted fight.

One or two of the society gave him some help. They kicked him about six feet. Then others grabbed him and ran him out. He had been some time in ascending the stairs. He was no time at all in going down. However, he took longer steps in going down.

He had simply crawled under the table. Here he awaited developments, trusting that he would not be seen.

It was a vain hope, however. Those Irishmen had their deficiencies, to be sure.

Blindness was not one of them. They could see under a table that stood on a raised platform.

If the table had no cover they could see all the plainer.

Wing had his face to the wall and saw nothing else.

The returning Irishmen saw him and set up a shout.

Then they hauled him out from under the table.

"Me velly nicee fellah. Me likee Iish gal velly much," he declared.

"Oh, yez do?"

"Yep, me spect so. Me likee Iishman,

me votee democratic tickee, me dlinkee

A dozen members got hold of the blanket and stretched it out.

At first they let it rest on the floor.

Then Wing was put in the middle of it.

He was trembling like a man with chills.

He wasn't certain that the Irishmen were not going to slug him yet.

"Me likee Iishman fust late," he chattered.

"Me tinket velly nice."

"Let her go!" shouted Flaherty.

"Rise um!" added McGuinness.

Then they all hoisted up on the blanket.

Up went that Chinaman nearly to the ceiling.

"Hi-hi, cheesee, lettee go!"

"Neow then, all together!"

Down came Wing in the blanket.

Up he went again in a jiffy.

Biff!

That time he struck the ceiling.

He struck it for keeps, too.

"Cusee, blaze!"

Plunk!

Down he came again.

"Now, thin, wanst more!"

Up he went alying.

Thump!

You could have heard the plastering crack when he struck it.

"Hoarool Luk at that!"

"Begob; we'll have um troo the roof nixt!"

"Neow, thin, rise um, byes!"

"All together neow!"

"Up he goes!"

Bang!

"Hi-hi! Me no likee; stoppeel!"

That time some of the plaster came down.

Finnerty got a piece of it in his eye.

Corcoran got a wad of it on his nose.

O'Grady had a lot of it go down his neck.

Mulcahey nearly swallowed a chunk of it.

There was trouble at once.

The four unfortunates let go their hold on the blanket.

Down came Wing kerflop on the floor in consequence.

"Yep, me spect so! Cussee, blaze, me no likee."

He had an idea that his trials were over.

Not so.

Finnegan made another proposition at that moment.

"Let's go down on the flure," he said.

"There'll be more room."

The motion was passed without a dissenting voice.

New hands were put on to supply the places of the injured.

Then the blanket tossing was resumed.

Up went Wing, looking like a big bull frog.

The tossers laughed and roared.

Those who looked on encouraged the rest.

Up went the Chinaman and down again.

Every time he went up he let out a yell.

Whenever he came down he uttered a grunt.

He touched the ceiling once in every three times he went up.

There was no holes kicked in it, however.

For all that Wing was getting tired of it.

So were the Irishmen.

It wasn't as easy work as it looked.

"Now then, all together for the wind-up!" shouted Grogan.

Up she rose with a mighty crash.

Thump!

Wing struck the ceiling solid.

Then he came down.

Not exactly where he started, however.

One of his feet took Grogan in the ear.

The other swiped Kelly in the jaw.

One hand clutched Sully's red head in a terrible grip.

Then there was confusion and no mistake.

The blanket was ripped in half in the tumult.

Wing fell right among those funny Irishmen.

He kicked at this.

Somebody got every kick.

Down went McGinty and a dozen others.

When they got up they forgot all about the Chinaman.

They went to fighting among themselves instead.

Wing had slid under one of the settees in the fracas.

He crawled out on the other side from the one he went in at.

Things were too lively in that quarter.

Grogan was hammering Finnegan, McGinty was belting blazes out of Flaherty,

O'Reilly was pulling Sullivan's whiskers,

and there were scrapping matches going on all around.

Those who were not fighting were egging on the others.

Wing concluded to take a sneak.

He did not care who licked so long as he got out.

Sliding under three or four seats he made a break and dusted.

The janitor was just coming in to see what all the fuss was about.

Wing ran into him and sent him flying.



BY THAT TIME HE CONCLUDED TO GET OUT. "WELL, I CLAR TO GOODNESS, EF I AINT STRUCK DE WRONG PLACE." "YIS, AND YE'RE GOIN' OUT QUICK, TOO, BEGORRAH!" "DAT'S WHA' I SAYED!" SPUTTERED WASH, MAKING FOR THE DOOR.

O'Brien, and Mulready and Dwyer were all ready to bite.

The air was blue with imprecations hurled at the heads of Wash and Wing.

"Pit the suckers eout, begob!"

"Ride thim on rails, the Sassenachs!"

"Wipe up the flure wid thim!"

"Parlyze the spoiles, begorrah!"

"No Chinese need apply, faix!"

"And we want no nagurs aither!"

"Jump an thim, sure!"

"Welt the tar out av thim!"

"Fire thim out the windy!"

"Kil the nagurs below wid them!"

"Hurroo for ould Ireland, begob!"

All hands were yelling at once.

No one heard what any one else had to say.

Everybody wanted to carry out his own plan first.

They all arose and went for the intruders.

Wash's feet came down from the table in a hurry.

He did not take them off, either.

Somebody kicked his chair from under him.

Down he went all of a heap, and away dew his dicer.

The last he saw of it, two angry Micks were dancing on it.

By that time he concluded to get out.

"Well, I clar to goodness, ef I ain't struck de wrong place."

"Yis, and ye're goin' out quick, too, be-

gorrah."

"Dat's wha' I sayed!" sputtered Wash,

making for the door.

Each step took in a whole flight of stairs. When he got to the bottom, he didn't seem to care to go to the ball.

Not that evening, at any rate.

His clothes were hardly in trim for dancing.

He had lost one sleeve of his overcoat, and his swallow-tail was split up the back.

His giddy vest had lost its buttons, and his shoes yawned as if hungry.

"Don'b'leve I wan't to go to de pahty, anyhow," he muttered.

Then he balanced to corners and waltzed off home.

In the meantime, Wing Wing was having a hilarious time of it.

He really did not see the joke as much as the Irishmen.

They had concluded to have some fun with him.

Having kicked Wash down-stairs, their wrath had somewhat subsided.

"Let's initiate the Chinayer, begob!" cried McFadden.

"Yis, let's make a mimer av him," added O'Reilly.

The proposition was hailed with delight by all the rest.

"Give um the fifteen degrees at wanst, byes."

"Let's have some fun wid the yaller na-

gur."

"Begob we'll put bim troo in foine style, so we will."

Wing had not been able to make his es-

cape.

He objected to being kicked down stairs.

Therefore he had not made a break for the door.

whiskee, me eatee cornee beef and cabbage, me Iish fellah, too."

Wing was getting off campaign lies about that time.

He was afraid those Irishmen were going to slug him.

Consequently he sought to propitiate them.

Now the Hibernians had no desire to harm the heathen.

They merely wanted to have some fun with him.

That was all.

Their ideas of what fun was might differ from Wing's.

He might not fully appreciate their kind of wit.

That was not their fault, of course.

It was simply his misfortune.

And, after all, they meant no harm.

"Troth, we're as fond av Chinayers as ye are av Irishmin," said O'Rourke.

"And we'll make yez a member av our society," said Halloran.

"Yis, let's have the ceremony at wanst, begorrah."

In an adjacent cupboard were kept several things used in initiations.

There was no goat as the grazing ground was too small.

There was a big double blanket among other things.

It was long enough for a dozen men to get hold of.

McGinty fished it out.

"Hurroo! Now we'll have sport!" he howled.

The table and chairs were cleared off the platform and the fun began.

That did not disturb the Chinaman, however.

"Me gettee scare on somebody, you bettee," he chuckled, as he dusted.

What occurred in the hall after Wing left, it does not concern us.

Those Irishmen might have killed each other and this story would not be affected by it.

It is enough to know that Wing got away, pretty well shaken up, to be sure, but still alive.

He started for home as soon as he got in the street, muttering to himself:

"Washee no goodee, me no go 'long of he no more pretty soon, I guessee not. All time gettee me in tubblee."

Dick found out from Wing the next day how he had fared.

He noticed the Chinaman's broken-up appearance, and asked him why it was thus.

Wing told him.

"Golly! that must have been fun," the young fellow chuckled.

"Yep, me spect so."

"You bet your life! I wish I'd been there to see it!"

"You go nextee time, gettee chuckee up yourself," said Wing.

"Couldn't you do it for us, boys?" asked Dick, with a wink.

"You go blazeel!" said Wing, walking off.

Not desiring that a lot of wild Irishmen should have all the fun out of Wing, Dick concluded that it was time for him and the boys to have some on their own account.

One afternoon, when Whacker and his sister and Blunt had all gone to town, taking all the buggies there were, Wash being away with the wagon, Dick went to Wing and said:

"I say, Wing, the doctor is away, and I want to send to town for something. Do you think you could go?"

"No, me gettee stay, mindee house," said the Chinaman.

"You could take a bottle with you to get your whisky in, you know," said Dick, significantly.

"Me no dlinkee whisklee," the Chinaman responded.

"Oh, but I'll pay for it, you know, Wing."

"Hi, dat diffelent," and Wing grinned.

"You'll drink with me, of course?" asked Dick, slyly.

"Yep, me spect so."

"Well you get the bottle and I'll give you a quarter."

"Me dlink goodee whisklee, me no dlinkee lot gut," said that wise heathen.

"Well, you needn't get so much. You ain't a tank, are you?"

"Noopee, me no tankee. Me likee lilly dlink, me no makee piggee by myself."

"Then a quarter will do. You can ride a horse, can't you?"

"Whattee mattee takee laggon?" asked Wing.

"All right, take two wagons if you like," said Dick, carelessly, "but go now."

He knew very well that there was nothing on wheels that Wing could take.

There was his own bicycle, of course, but he was not likely to lend Wing that.

Off went the Chinaman to hitch up.

Dick followed.

Wing found a horse but no carriage.

"Me no can go," he said. "No gottee laggon, no gottee callagee."

"And you don't know how to ride a horse, do you?" said Dick.

"Yep, me spect so," chirped Wing.

Two or three of Dick's particular chums had come up.

There were others posted at convenient places not so very far away.

"Pshaw! the Chinaman can't ride a horse, boys," said Dick, "and we'll have to go without the things we want."

"I told you he couldn't," said Hall Wright.

"I was sure of it," added Bob Smart.

"He can't do anything but blow," put in Ned Watts.

None of the boys seemed to know that Wing was around.

That Chinaman got on his ear at once.

Dick was waiting for him to do so, in fact.

"Me lidee hosses likee militaly boss," declared Wing. "Me showee you how me can do."

"Ah, go take a walk. You can't ride for a cent."

"Yippee, me bettee you, me lide any sling," sputtered Wing, getting down a saddle.

He knew what it was, fast enough.

He also knew how to put it on, having harnessed up for Mr. Rood on several occasions.

As for riding, however, he was not in it. He had never ridden a horse in all his life.

Dick suspected that such was the case.

That's why he was so anxious to have Wing try it.

He knew something how it feels to ride for the first time.

Wing had no idea what it was like.

Dick helped him saddle up, gave him a bottle and a quarter, and then said:

"Take this note to the store, Wing, get what it calls for and bring it back with you."

"All light, me savvy."

Then Dick gave Wing a leg up in the saddle.

The Chinaman began to think that perhaps riding was not as easy as he had imagined.

Dick did not give him an opportunity to change his mind, however,

He gave the horse a clip over the flank and started him off.

A way he went out of the yard as if the plague were after him.

The boys had posted themselves by the gate.

"Get up!" they yelled.

Then one gave the brute a swipe with a switch.

"Get along there!"

"Hoop-la! Now, we're off!"

"Go it, mule!"

The old nag did go it, the Chinaman holding on for all he was worth.

The fun had only just begun, however.

There was plenty more of it to come.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GREATEST BICYCLE STORY EVER WRITTEN COMMENCES IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF HAPPY DAYS.

I OBLIGED.

By "ED."

I AM in love.

Useless, almost, to say that she is handsome and all that is pure and innocent.

Her father is an alderman, and, therefore, I suppose that she, when he dies, will be an heiress.

But I don't care, of course, for her money.

I love her for herself alone.

The other afternoon I made a call at her palatial abode, for it is truly palatial.

It is the only house on the block that has a carriage-block and a fancy mat on the front stoop, which bears the legend—

"Salve."

I rang the bell, and the light of my eyes came to the door herself.

She appeared glad to see me.

"I'm so glad that you came," she said, "for I was afraid that some horrid business might detain you down town."

"Nothing but death," I chivalrously answered, "could keep me from your sweet presence."

She blushed, and she rewarded me for my gallant speech.

She actually let me snatch a kiss from her rosy lips without screaming.

"Of course I am always glad to see you, but I am especially pleased at your appearance this afternoon."

"Why?"

"Will you do me a favor?"

"A million times over."

"Then won't you please take my Aunt Hannah down to the ferry? Brother Will promised to come home early and take her, but you can never depend on Will. He is a regular flyaway."

"Who is your Aunt Hannah?" I interrogated, having never seen or heard before of that interesting appendage to the family tree.

"She is one of the nicest old ladies in the world, only she is peculiar."

"That makes no difference," I said; "we are all peculiar at times, except yourself."

"Don't flatter," replied she. "Come into the parlor and I will introduce you to Aunt Hannah."

"You see, she is going home this afternoon, and you don't mind taking her to the train, do you, seeing that Will, who was to do it, has not yet arrived, and it is nearly train time now?"

I will confess that I did not like the job much, but I dissembled and told her that I would only be too happy to oblige.

She walked me into the parlor.

She made me familiar with Aunt Hannah's personality.

She was about six feet tall, wore a wig, and was dressed in the reigning style of 1843.

She surveyed me rather suspiciously.

"So you're my niece's young man?" she blurted out.

"I hope I am," I answered.

She sized me up.

"Well, you'll do pretty fair," she said, "only you would be handsome if your nose wasn't crooked, and your ears look something like those of an elephant that I saw at a circus once when I was a girl."

"Thanks!"

"Are you ready to start?"

"Yes, ma'am."

So we started.

We got as far as the corner and waited for a car.

While we were waiting she beheld a

policeman cuff the ears of a small boy who was chalking up the sidewalk.

To my horror, she made a break for the blue-coat.

"Look at here, you!" she exclaimed. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

"What for?" asked the officer, startled at the angry apparition which he beheld.

"The idea of a big man like you hurting a little boy like that."

"But he was making a nuisance of himself."

"What doing?"

"Chalking up the sidewalk."

"Well, it's a pity if children can't have a little amusement. If I had my umbrella with me I would make you feel its weight. It would serve you right."

By this time the usual grinning crowd had collected.

The policeman was nettled at the tongue-lashing he was receiving, and also by the jeers of the spectators.

"Move on!" he said, somewhat roughly.

"I won't! Maybe you would like to hit me?"

By this time I had reached the scene.

"What is the matter?" I asked, addressing the policeman.

He must have suspected that I had some connection with Aunt Hannah.

"Do you know this woman?" he asked.

"Yes," I confessed.

"Then take her away, or I'll lock her up. She's a confounded old crank."

With much persuasion I got Aunt Hannah to move, more especially as a car came along just then.

We entered it.

It contained the usual motley collection of passengers.

Soon the conductor came in.

I paid the fare, and then Aunt Hannah engrossed the conductor's attention temporarily.

"Hold on a minute," she said, as he started to leave the car.

"What is it?" he asked.

"What in the world do you ring that little clock for?"

The conductor grinned.

"Why, the company are afraid that we might steal fares, and so they make us register each fare in the presence of the passenger."

Aunt Hannah looked horrified.

"But you don't steal it?" she said.

"Me?" he replied. "No, ma'am, never."

"But you might be tempted to steal it."

As she spoke she handed him a picture of a gentleman in prison garb with a ball and chain attached to one foot.

Underneath was the motto:

"The way of the transgressor is hard."

He grinned.

"Where shall I let you out? At the hotel for cranks?"

Aunt Hannah is a little hard of hearing, and did not catch his words.

"Hey?" she said.

"One of the ferries, I suppose?" soberly asked the conductor.

"Yes."

"Which one?"

"Chambers street. I want to go to Hackensack."

Well, would you believe it, the next act of my precious charge was to walk up and down the car distributing tracts.

To one red-faced old gentleman she handed a tract entitled "Beware of Wine," at which action the old gentleman, who was a strict temperance man, almost choked with indignation, and was choking yet when we left the car.

I got Aunt Hannah across the ferry at last and ushered her into the depot. She stuck me the price of her ticket, for she never made a move to pay her own fare.

There was a train just starting and I hustled her aboard.

Bowing with mock deference, I retired.

* * * * *

Fate revenged me on the trouble I had with Aunt Hannah.

The train was a through one.

It did not stop until it got to a large station just a little ways from Hackensack.

When the conductor asked her for her ticket she gave the one to Hackensack.

Polytely he refused it, and Aunt Hannah although she is worth half a million, would not take a carriage.

Instead she walked.

Walked in the lovely Jersey mud amidst a grizzling rain, and has ever since been laid up with the rheumatism.

The last time I saw my girl she said:

"Are you sure you put Aunt Hannah in the right train?"

"Yes," I boldly prevaricated, "but she must have got confused, left the train for something, and got in a wrong one."

I have hopes that she believed me, for she pressed me no more upon the subject, and I am solid there yet.

* * * * *

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Answers to Correspondents.

To Correspondents.

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CLUB RAISER.—At present we do not think it advisable to organize a club of that kind.

JOHN HOWSON.—We do not send any sample copies of papers that have been discontinued.

L. W.—The token you describe is a war token, issued in 1863, and was called a "Copperhead"; it bears no premium.

A BOTTLE OF INK.—No. 1 is a Swedish coin, and, if in fine condition, is worth five cents.

A READER.—The token you describe is not a regular coin; it was used as a card counter some forty or fifty years ago. It has no value.

PETER L.—No marriage license is required in New Jersey. Consent of parents is necessary if not over age 21 years for male and 18 years for female.

H. ROHMANN.—You can purchase a stamp album from any stamp dealer in your city. We cannot publish their business addresses in this column.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.—In the Franco-German war the German army was commanded by the King of Prussia and the French army by the Emperor of France.

NEW YORK.—You can have the papers you mention bound at almost any bindery in New York; it will cost you about \$1.25. Make inquiry at any good bindery.

Dick, the Apprentice Boy.

(Continued from page 8.)

There were a dozen yards between the cowcatcher and the obstruction on the track. Dick reached the cab and opening the throttle a bit placed this distance between the engine and the baggage car.

Crouching behind the coal in the tender he and Jerry were safe from the shots of the train robbers. Dick had his rifle in hand, and both fireman and stoker opened fire upon the treasure car.

The young engineer's plan was instantly caught by the crowd.

This was to hold the train robbers in the car if possible. They had captured the train and the treasure but how were they going to get away with it?

The dispossessed passengers and train crew had taken refuge behind boulders and trees in the cut, and as nearly all were armed, the robbers were literally besieged.

For one of them to show himself outside the treasure car would have been equivalent to death.

The situation was now more exciting than it had been at any time during the attack. Certainly the advantage seemed to lie with the passengers.

"By cracky, Dick!" exclaimed Jerry Dane, with a grin. "We've got those chaps in a trap and no mistake."

"I think we have!" said Dick, confidently, "they'll have hard work to get away with the treasure now."

The train robbers were apparently entrapped. Yet from the car they kept up such a fire that they could not be secured.

They could maintain their position for some hours without discomfort. In the meantime a special or an express not many hours due might come plunging down upon the stalled train. The result would be too horrible to contemplate.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PLUCKY RUN—THE CAPTURE.

Either warning must be sent both to Danton and Woodville, or the train robbers must be compelled to surrender. The track must be cleared.

There seemed to be one logical and easy way to send word to these towns, and that was to tap the wires. There was a telegraph sounder in the cab and it could be easily employed.

But just as these thoughts were flashing through Dick's mind, a dark form came climbing in the window from the bridge and dropped to the floor of the cab.

It was conductor Clark. By advancing over the cow-catcher and along the boiler on the bridge, he had kept out of range of the robbers and had easily reached the cab.

"Dick," he exclaimed, "I thought I would come in and see you. What can we do?"

"I am glad you came," cried the young engineer eagerly. "It looks as if we had the rascals caged!"

"Yes, but—have you thought of the necessity of sending word at once to Woodville or Danton? They ought to know that the track is not clear at this point, or they may send a special down upon us."

"True," agreed Dick.

"Moreover, we need assistance."

"Yes, they must send us a relief train. Why not tap the wires—"

"It can't be done."

Dick gave a great start.

"What!" he gasped.

"It is true. For a mile or more upon either side of us the wires have been taken down."

The young engineer was astonished. For some moments he was silent.

Clark finally continued:

"But we have a plan whereby we believe you can save the day, and not only prevent further calamity, but bring us relief."

"What is it?" asked Dick.

"Is it not about eighty miles to Woodville?"

"Yes."

"How quick can you run it?"

Dick's eyes flashed.

"How quick!" he exclaimed. "It is a straightaway course. Perhaps an hour."

"Good! Then we will hold the robbers imprisoned until you can return with a large force of armed men."

"But the obstruction—"

"A half dozen of us will clear that away in a few minutes. We can keep out of range by standing directly in front of the engine and between the rails."

Dick drew a deep breath.

"Do your part," he cried, "and I will do mine!"

"All right." Back through the cab window went the brave conductor. In a very few moments a number of the strongest men were between the rails, lifting the obstructions from the track.

The locomotive shielded them from the shots of the train robbers.

Persistently they worked. In less than half an hour the track was clear. The

clearing party retreated a safe distance down the track. Then Dick opened the throttle.

Forward sprang the old locomotive. The robbers comprehended the move, and sent forth yells of chagrin and rage. The tables were turned upon them.

Neither Dick nor his brave stoker ever forgot that night run to Woodville. Intense was the darkness which even the headlight of the locomotive seemed hardly able to dispel.

They knew not what other obstruction might be on the rails. There would not have been time to stop the engine had one been seen in the headlight's glare. There was nothing to do but to take chances.

Over the steel rails fled the locomotive like a fiery monster from the blackness of Inferno.

Now through a black wood, then into a deep cut, around sweeping curves and over bridges. On and still on, faster and faster.

Dick knew that they were going terribly fast. The swaying of the cab was something frightful, and at times it required all his nerve to cling to his seat in the cab window.

In the dim distance a star of light would flash forth. Then both knew that they were approaching switches.

Was it a red or a green light? Was the switch closed or open? Was the signal safe or danger?

There seemed hardly time to distinguish the color of the signal lights, when the locomotive would be flying over the switches and through some small town, only to rush into open country again.

But the best of fortune attended Dick and his partner. The lights of Woodville suddenly burst into view.

Dick pulled the whistle valve and shriek after shriek went up on the night air.

Into the depot rolled the engine.

People had been waiting for the midnight train, which was now over an hour late, for the incidents in Deep Cut had occupied fully that time. Many were expecting to meet friends.

When, therefore, only the locomotive appeared, with its cab windows shot out and other evidences of disaster, the effect can hardly be imagined.

Division Superintendent Warde rushed up to the cab just as Dick alighted.

"Mercy on us, Mains," he cried, "what has happened? Where is the train?"

"Held up by Black Jake and his gang in Deep Cut," replied Dick, and he hastily gave a thrilling recital of the affair.

There were others besides Warde who heard this. Like wildfire the report spread.

Of course at that hour of the night not many people were astir. But the chief of police knew where to find armed men at even a moment's notice, and in an incredibly short space of time they were on hand.

A relief train was quickly made up. Indeed so rapidly was this done, that scarcely forty minutes had elapsed before Sixty-Six with four cars crowded with men rolled out of Woodville upon the return to Deep Cut.

The run back to the cut was made all safely. In less than three hours Dick had brought relief to the scene of catastrophe in Deep Cut.

Conductor Clark and his compatriots had bravely kept the train robbers in the treasure car. At the appearance of the reinforcements the villains weakened.

A short, sharp fight followed. The car was perforated with rifle balls, and then the survivors of Black Jake's gang, perhaps a dozen ruffians, surrendered and were quickly placed under guard.

The rescued train was attached to the relief train, the passengers all clambered aboard, and Dick started Sixty-Six full speed for Woodville.

It was in the early morning light that the train rolled into the Woodville depot. But almost the entire city had been aroused and was at the depot.

The scene of excitement which followed baffles description.

A fresh armed guard took charge of the treasure, which had at last safely reached Woodville.

Everybody was disposed to give the plucky young engineer full credit for the saving of the train and the treasure.

Certainly it was owing to his pluck and presence of mind that the train robbers had been outwitted. Unfortunately Black Jake was not in the captured party.

The noted train robber was still at large, and no doubt would now plan a deadly revenge for this defeat.

This had occurred to Dick and Jerry Dane as well, for the stoker said with a shiver:

"You'll want to keep your weather eye peeled, Dick, for that scoundrel will lay for you now. This affair has cost him a lot of men. He will try for revenge."

"Let him try!" said Dick resolutely. "I'm not afraid of Black Jake. But just the same, thank you for the warning and I'll be on my guard."

In spite of all Dick could not dispel a chill misgiving, for he felt sure that he

was not yet done with the train robbers. There were deep perils in store.

CHAPTER IX.

A DEADLY WARNING—A DARK DEED.

DICK was tired and hungry. Superintendent Warde had cordially invited him to his house, but the young engineer thanked him and remained by his engine with Jerry, they partly satisfying their hunger with a cold lunch.

"But I will ask one favor of you, Mr. Warde," said the young engineer; "please allow me to take out the first special for Danton?"

"You shall have that wish!" replied the superintendent, heartily. "After last night's work you shall ask for nothing but that you shall have, Dick Mains!"

"Thank you!" replied Dick, gratefully. "I only wish to get home!"

"You may haul out the ten o'clock express. I will put Seventy-Two, that locomotive, on the night special!"

Dick and Jerry were reclining upon the cab seats of Sixty-Six, as the game old engine waited upon the siding in the yard for the signal to take out the express.

The fame of the young engineer had traveled rapidly, and quite a throng of curious people stood outside, gazing at the locomotive and her boyish driver. This curiosity may have been morbid, but the interest was genuine.

Suddenly from the crowd an object came flying into the cab. It fell at Dick's feet.

Astonished, the young engineer quickly picked it up.

"What is it, Dick?" asked Jerry, in surprise.

"Not a dynamite bomb?"

"Oh, no!" replied the young engineer, "it is a letter!"

"A letter?"

Attached to an iron bolt was a missive. It was superscribed in a coarse scrawling hand to Dick Mains.

The young engineer read the message with curious sensations. Thus it read:

"To DICK MAINS:

"Yew are a smart sprig, ain't yew? but yew ain't done with me yet. I kin give yew one chance if yew hev the sense tew take it. Git out of railroad employ in ten hours or yew will run agin a snag which yew won't like. Don't fergit that yew are marked for death."

"Yours,

"BLACK JAKE."

Jerry Dane was a livid hue and trembled like an aspen as he read these words. A cold sense of horror was upon the simple and good-hearted stoker.

"By Jewishards! there's going to be trouble for you, Dick," he said, with dilated eyes.

"That is bad!" But Dick was as cool as could be. He read the epistle again and then laughed sardonically. He tore the paper in bits and flung it into the furnace.

"Nobody but a coward would write anything of that kind," he said. "I do not fear a hundred Black Jakes."

Yet secretly Dick understood the deadly peril which threatened him. He knew that it would not be altogether a difficult thing for Black Jake to execute his horrible threat.

An engineer is the wrong man to have foes. Chances against his life are many.

A misplaced rail on a dark night, a dynamite cartridge on the track, a changing of signals, in fact a dozen chances there were for a deadly foe to square accounts with him.

Dick realized all this well, but he did not falter.

A less plucky youth would have changed his vocation for something less perilous. But the young engineer said:

"I have mapped out my life. If I win fame or fortune, it must be on the rail. I am bound to be an engineer!"

His words were almost prophetic. In after life he recalled them. Success is always less due to opportunity than to persistence.

Dick took the express back to Danton in safety. As they passed through Deep Cut in daylight, the scene of the midnight affair with the train robbers was one of deep interest.

There was the debris which had obstructed the track. Many evidences of the conflict were visible.

All of Dick's friends, and a legion they were, greeted him upon the station platform at Danton. He was carried bodily into the office of Mr. Winston and there publicly thanked by the officials of the mining company who were present. The president of the concern presented him with a purse of gold, complimenting him highly.

Modest Dick was overwhelmed and protested against such treatment in vain. It was some while before he was able to extricate himself and go home in the happiest of moods, to be met at the door by Mrs. Mains and Alice.

They were overjoyed to welcome him safely back, but there was a troubled light in Mrs. Mains' eyes. Dick noticed this, and after he had partaken of a hearty meal he said:

"Mother, there is something upon your mind. What is it?"

Tears started in the widow's eyes and she averted her face a moment. Finally she made reply.

"Dick, do you know a man by the name of Ducrow?"

"Ducrow?" exclaimed Dick, with flashing eyes. "Ay, I know him well for a hypocrite and a villain."

"I believe he is such."

"What! has he been here? Has he dared to persecute you?" asked Dick, sharply.

"The mortgage upon this house," replied the widow, "which Squire Peters has held for so long, and which I have hoped some day to be able to pay off."

"Yes," cried Dick, "Squire Peters has always been kind to us in that matter."

"True, but this man Ducrow has now purchased the mortgage, and has permanently notified me that if it is not paid at once he will foreclose and eject us."

"The scoundrel!" gasped Dick.

"Oh, Dick, when I leave here it will be to bid farewell to the happiest scenes of my life. I had hoped to spend my declining days in this happy home, where you children have been reared, and where exist all my earthly ties."

"But," exclaimed Dick, "we have always paid the interest promptly. How can he eject us?"

"Ah, the mortgage is years overdue. I neglected to have it extended, for I never dreamed that Squire Peters would sell it."

"And the scoundrel has done this to get a blow at me. I can see it all!" cried Dick, angrily, "but I'll beat him yet. Keep up good heart, mother. I will go and see Mr. Winston. Perhaps he will advance the money or give us good advice. Ducrow shall not carry his point!"

Dick hastily kissed his foster mother and Alice, and was in the street a moment later. With most intense excitement he started for the depot.

He hoped to find Mr. Winston in his private office. He was sure that the millionaire could give him valuable advice.

But as the young engineer reached the depot, he saw a great crowd before the office door. The glass windows were shattered. In response to Dick's startled query a bystander said:

"There has been an attempt to assassinate Mr. Winston. He has been shot by some one unknown, and lies at the point of death."

For a moment the world seemed reeling about Dick Mains, so fearful was the shock to him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHY IS HAPPY DAYS THE BEST STORY PAPER PUBLISHED?

[This story commenced in No. 3.]

The Boss of the Boat Club:

OR,

DICK DASHWELL'S SCHOOLDAYS.

By FRANK FORREST,

Author of "The Prince of Rockdale School," "Expelled from School," "The Boy Schoolmaster," "Dick Dashaway's Schooldays," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NIGHT CHASE DOWN THE BAY.

"HELLO, Dick Dashwell! What the mischief brings you here at this time of night?"

It was Clint Tibbetts who put the question.

Before Dick had decided what to do a number of boys came running around the corner of Eagle street.

For Dick was in a decided dilemma.

Was he to desert Tom and give chase after the wagon?

If he had been entirely sure that the half unconscious girl he had seen was Lily Trueman it would not have taken him long to make up his mind.

But there was a doubt.

That doubt caused Dick to hesitate for a moment.

Then came Clint dashing around the corner.

He was followed by his particular cronies, Pete Mulford, Dan Burling and Nick Muller.

As he approached the gate he caught sight of Dick and hailed him as we have said.

This unexpected meeting took Dick all aback.

"I might ask the same question of you fellows," he said, coming out of the yard.

"Oh, we're out by permission, Dick. We've been eel fishing down the creek. We're not going up to the school till morning."

Dick was very much confused, and most terribly anxious to get away.

A minute might mean life or death to Lily Trueman.

He had almost a mind to tell the boys all and ask their help.

"Are you going in, Clint?" he stammered.

"No. We're all going to stop at Dan's. But say, Dick, what the deuce are you doing here, anyhow?"

"I can't stop to explain now," said Dick, hurriedly: "say, fellows, there's been a wagon just by here and in it was a man who had Lily Trueman half dead in his arms. I'm after them; are you with me or not?"

Now it takes time to tell all this.

Understand that it was but the happening of less seconds than it takes to make a minute.

"I'm with you, Dick Dashwell, in anything you want me to be," replied Clint, heartily.

"Me, too!" cried Dan Burling.

"Bet your life I am," echoed Pete Mulford.

They were dashing down Mill street already.

For Dick had started off even as he spoke.

"Hadn't one of us better go back and tell your father, Clint?" proposed Nick Muller, as they turned into Back street, which leads down to the bay.

"No," said Clint, shortly.

"But he might rout up Captain Conover and a posse to chase the scoundrel. We'll never be able to overhaul him, I'm afraid."

"No," said Clint. "My father is not in it. I'm working for Dick Dashwell tonight."

"I'm afraid we've delayed too long already," sighed Dick. "I don't see anything of the wagon; do you, Clint?"

"No, but the tracks are plain enough."

"Sure."

"It turned in here."

"Of course it did."

"There it is!" exclaimed Pete Mulford, right alongside of Traphagen's store.

"Blamed if it ain't," breathed Dick. "Easy now, boys, easy! Clint, I'll never forget you for standing by me like this."

"It's the least I could do after what you did for me, Dick," was the reply. "I have not forgotten that you saved my life."

There, sure enough, was the wagon.

But there was no one in it.

Traphagen's store stood partly on the wharf and partly on the shore.

The wagon, empty now, was standing alongside the building, the horse hitched to a post.

Now it did not take Dick Dashwell long to understand what all this meant.

"He's taken to a boat, Clint!" he exclaimed. "We must follow. We must rescue Lily if we die for it. You won't go back on me now?"

"Never, Dick!"

"There's more to it than you think for."

"No matter."

Dick said no more.

There was something in Clint's manner that made him suspect that he knew more than he cared to tell.

By this time the boys had reached the wharf.

"There they are! By Jove, there they are!" exclaimed Dan Burling, looking off on the bay.

There was a boat just shooting out from behind the mill wharf.

It was pulled by one man, but in the stern was a woman's form.

She seemed to be lying all in a heap and it was impossible to make out who she was.

The rower saw them the moment they came out upon the wharf, and turning abruptly pulled in between the mill wharf and a schooner and disappeared.

"He's gone!" cried Clint.

"A boat! We must have a boat!" exclaimed Dick.

But there was none there.

The boat taken by the man must have been his own, Dick thought, for he knew of none nearer than a little landing beyond the mill where an old man by the name of Seeley kept boats to let.

"Are you going to follow them, Dick?" asked Pete.

"We are, you bet. Come to Seeley's, fellows. It won't take a minute."

"There'll be a fight sure," grumbled Pete, as they hurried away.

"Are you afraid?" sneered Clint.

"No, no!"

"Come on then. Dick Dashwell is bossing this job. We go wherever he says to night."

They ran back to Front street and hurried on to Seeley's.

Here there were boats enough and the boys helped themselves to the best without ceremony, even going so far as to break open the boat house for the oars.

While doing this they kept their eyes on the bay, of course.

Thus they had not failed to see the boat striking out from the mill wharf.

It had gained a very considerable start before they were able to get under way.

But with Dick and Clint at the oars the

distance between the two boats was rapidly lessened.

The boys had thrown off their coats to do the work.

Over the bay they flew making almost as good time as they would have done in their shells.

"He's making for Bean Island!" cried Dan Burling, who was acting as lookout.

"Do you think he sees us?" asked Dick.

"Dunno what's to hinder."

"We're gaining on him like time," said Pete.

Dick looked around anxiously.

"We can't prevent him from making the island before us though," he said, anxiously.

"What if he does?" remarked Clint, "of course he ain't going to stop there."

"He may have help there, Clint."

"You're right, Say, Dick!"

Clint dropped his voice to a whisper too low to be heard by the other boys.

"Well?"

"Do you know the man?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"You remember the masked man who sentenced us to be drowned that night in the cave?"

"Do I? Well, I guess so."

"That's him!"

Clint looked troubled.

"Say, Dick, what were you doing in my father's garden?" he asked, in the same low tone.

"Clint, I can't tell you—don't ask me!"

"Let me ask you one thing, though."

"Perhaps you had better not."

"I must—I will! That man—was he was in my father's house?"

"Clint, he was."

Clint said no more.

But Dick did not fail to notice that he threw even more strength into his pulling than before.

Nothing was said for the next five minutes.

At the end of that time the boat they were pursuing shot around the point of Bean Island and disappeared.

"Pull, pull, pull!" cried Dick. "We don't want them to be out of our sight a moment longer than we can help."

But it was impossible to pull any faster than they were doing already.

Straining every nerve they sent the boat shooting toward the island.

In a moment they had rounded the point.

Now they expected to see the other boat again, but they did not.

Look in which direction they would they could discover nothing of it.

"They must have gone ashore somewhere on the island," suggested Clint.

"We might pull entirely around the island and see," said Dan.

"Tain't necessary to do that," said Dick. "We'll cover the part of the shore we couldn't see—that's enough!"

They did it and were no wiser after it was done than they had been before.

Strangely, mysteriously the boat had vanished.

Day was breaking when Dick Dashwell and his companions pulled back to Seeley's little wharf.

The expedition had been an utter failure. Clint and the others went directly to the Academy.

But Dick hurried through Baymouth to Mr. Trueman's house with his heart as heavy as lead.

CHAPTER XVII.

JACK PLANS.

WHEN Dick reached Mr. Trueman's he found the house all closed up.

This did not particularly surprise him.

The house was a small one on the outskirts of Baymouth which the ruined manufacturer had hired after the fire.

Dick had been here before and he knew that Lily and her father were living alone without even a single servant.

For Mr. Trueman's purse was empty and his heart was broken.

Creditors long staved off with promises had pounced upon what remained of the hosiery mills after the fire and Mr. Trueman's arrest.

It was said that Col. Tibbets had been at the bottom of the movement.

Be that as it may, they had taken everything, and Mr. Trueman, out on bail and charged with a terrible crime, had sought such shelter as he could find, hoping against hope that matters would take a different turn.

Therefore, Dick, as we have said, was not surprised to find the house all closed up.

He rang the bell several times, but received no answer.

Then he tried the door.

It yielded to his touch.

Dick entered, and made a thorough inspection of the interior of the little cottage.

There was no sign of Mr. Trueman.

Evidently he had not been at home the night before, for his bed was unoccupied.

It was the opposite with the room Dick judged to be Lily's.

Here there was every evidence of hurried departure.

It was true then.

The girl Dick had seen was actually Lily Trueman.

But had she gone voluntarily or had she been forced to leave the house?

This, of course, was something Dick could only guess at.

But he had found out all he wanted to know now, and he started to leave.

"I must see Captain Conover at once," he thought. "I can't do this alone. There's Tom and—"

He paused suddenly in his thoughts, for at the same instant the front door opened and a man came gliding in.

"Jack!" exclaimed Dick, in joyful tones.

It was certainly Jack, but very much battered.

His face was cut and badly swelled.

"Thunder! Is it you, Dick Dashwell?" he exclaimed. "What in the name of wonder brings you here?"

"Oh, Jack, so many things have happened since—"

"Since you gave me this, eh?"

Jack pointed to his face.

"I gave you that! What do you mean?"

"What I say. If you'd only waited half a second. But no, you had to pitch into me and punch me silly. By Jove, I don't want to run against your fist again!"

"Do you mean to say you were the man I tackled in the cellar last night?"

"Why, certainly."

"But you were going to choke me."

"I was told to choke you by the fellow who pitched you through the window, but I had no idea of doing anything of the sort."

"Oh, Jack, why didn't you speak?"

"You didn't give me a chance. You just went at it and knocked me out."

"Where's Tom? Do you know?"

"Ain't he with you?"

"No, no! He must have been captured by the fellow who tackled me."

"Hold up, Dick Dashwell, I must understand all this. Tell your story and tell it cool."

Dick lost no time in obeying.

He detailed every happening of the previous night.

"That's all right. Now I've got him!" chucked Jack. "I wouldn't take a hundred dollars and not had this happen, Dick?"

"What?"

"Tired of playing detective, old man?"

"Well—"

"Yes, or no."

"I'll do anything to find Tom or to rescue Lily."

"Then listen. We are working against as black a conspiracy as was ever hatched."

"And Col. Tibbets is at the bottom of it."

"Sure. Dick, I mean to capture that man and expose him to the world before the dawn of another day."

"But Clint's all right?"

"There's where you come in. Clint must be made to tell what he knows. He must be made to help us out."

"Against his own father. Jack; it's kind of tough."

"Against as black a villain as ever breathed. Listen."

"Well?"

"Why did you come here?"

"To find Mr. Trueman if I could, and report—"

"Hold on! Let me tell you something."

"What is it?"

"Mr. Trueman has not been seen in two days."

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

"I know."

"You do! Perhaps you also know—"

"Where Lily is? I do."

"And Tom?"

"I do."

"Heavens! You know it all."

"I know about all, I fancy. I've got things so fixed, that all I have to do is to pull the string to make the biggest sensation in Baymouth you ever saw."

"You don't blame me for—"

"For half blackening my eye and deserting me last night? Oh, no! You could not help it the way things turned out. I knew when I followed you here everything you had to tell me as well as if you had already told it, so you see I'm not blaming you one bit."

"Nonsense! You couldn't have known!"

"But I did. I'd prove it to you if there was time, but we must act not talk."

"I am with you, Jack."

"You will do just what I tell you to do?"

"I will."

"Then here are your instructions. What day is this?"

"Saturday, of course."

"No school?"

"No."

"Get to the academy as quick as you can. Arrange for a boat race at the bay, the course to be from Hickory Point to

Dungeon Rock. Start from the point precisely at 4 P. M."

"What in the world—"

"You're going to do as I tell you, Dick Dashwell?"

"I am."

"Then do it. Tell Clint and Prof. Wiseman, that not a word about last night's business must be breathed."

"All right."

"Having done all this, take the Lily and pull out to Bean Island alone."

"All right."

"Leave the shell among the bushes just beyond the big white rock—you know the place?"

"Perfectly."

The boy shook his head.

"Nor hear it!" Dick pointed to his ears.

The boy shook his head again.

Then to Dick's astonishment he began to undress, motioning for him to do the same.

Dick did not hesitate.

Evidently this was part of Jack's plan.

As he looked at the boy more closely he perceived that the resemblance between them was really quite remarkable.

It was more marked when they had changed clothes, which they now did.

It almost seemed to Dick when he contemplated his strange companion that he was looking at himself.

The boy now led the way through the woods, walking very rapidly.

Soon they came to a cove completely surrounded by bushes.

There was a boat here lying on the beach in front of a rough frame shanty, which Dick, although he had been several times

the story will be of interest, I give it here in a condensed form:

In a village of Yorkshire lived an honest farmer named Jim Boggs, who had laid by a considerable property, and now lived upon what he had saved.

He had a daughter who was very pretty, refined and intelligent, and objected so strongly to the name of Boggs that she resolved to change it as soon as possible.

There were many suitors to her hand, and one young farmer, Roger Kirke, by name, was supposed to be the favored individual, and indeed, he was worthy of any girl.

He was thrifty and industrious, owned a fine farm free of debt, had a thousand pounds in the bank, and was both young and good-looking.

He had proposed for the hand of Ethel, the old farmer's daughter, and Boggs had promised him that he should have her, provided she herself was willing.

note and sometimes for a fifty, old Boggs being always ready to oblige.

Matters went on, the attachment between Ethel and his lordship growing stronger every day, and Loftus making her many handsome gifts, until at last it was rumored that the two were shortly to be married.

One day while Loftus was out hunting with a party of friends, he met a man who whispered a few words in his ear.

The young nobleman turned pale, and suddenly left the field, saying to his companions that his mother was sick and that he should have to go up to London immediately.

Old Boggs thought nothing of the affair, but one of the huntsmen saw his lordship go away in the train from London instead of towards it, and wondered, if the man was in such a hurry, why he went out of his way.

Shortly afterwards, news came that a most expert counterfeiter had been operating

wedding, which was to take place in the morning, and Ethel and the young lord were sitting together in the parlor of the farm-house, indulging in conversation, Ethel doing some fine needle work.

Suddenly old Boggs entered the room in great haste, shaking a paper violently, and growing rapidly very red in the face.

"Are ye theer, ye scoundrel?" said the old man, quivering with rage. "Explain a bit to me, lest I tak' ye by the neck an' throw ye from t' house. Thee'st a clever rogue, thee bee'st."

Loftus sprang to his feet in a rage, while Ethel, trembling like a leaf, asked her father what he meant.

"I mean that yon young gentleman is a villain!" cried the old man, pointing at Loftus, while the latter clenched his fist, and looked pale and haggard.

"I deny it," said Loftus, indignantly. "and shall leave the house at once and re-main away until you have recovered your senses."

"Noa, thee don't; thee'll stay here a bit till I tell ee thee can go. I'm puzzled over summater, an' thee must set me right."

"What do you want to know?" asked Loftus, with evident apprehension.

"I be no scoundrel, an' I ha' sent fur a mon as can ax questions better nor me," and throwing open the door he admitted a legal-looking gentleman, who was accompanied by another man with a regular hang-dog look.

"First of all," said the legal man, "to get to business at once. Let me ask who is Lord Loftus here?"

"I am Lord Loftus," said that person.

"Aha! then you have returned from India?"

"Yes."

"Rather suddenly, I take it?"

"Yes."

"You once had a servant, or vallet, rather, by the name of Stagg—Jack Stagg?"

"Yes."

"He was discharged for theft?"

"Yes."

"Can't you say anything more than 'yes' to every question?"

"No."

"Did you know that Jack Stagg had turned counterfeiter?"

"No."

"Did you know that he had two or three wives?"

"No."

"Did you know that he had tried to get another one?"

"No."

"Egad! it's all 'no' now, and awhile ago it was all 'yes.' Don't you answer any questions except in monosyllables?"

"No."

Here the man with the hang-dog look interposed.

"Mayhap I can get something out of him," he said. "Now, sir, you'd know Jack Stagg if you saw him?"

"Maybe. I can't bother to remember such fellows. I know he cheated me deucedly, and gave me the slip in India."

"He was quite a swell, I believe; good-looking and all that."

"Ah! now you speak of it, I believe he was."

"Would you recognize this description?" continued the man, taking a printed slip from his pocket, and reading: "Tall, slim, tawny mustache, slight lisp, scar on the top of his head, and the letters 'J.S.' in India ink on his left arm below the elbow."

The description, as far as could be seen at first glance, tallied exactly with that of Lord Loftus himself.

He turned as white as a sheet, but said nothing, fingering a paper weight nervously, and keeping his eyes on the floor.

"Not long ago you gave Mr. Boggs a hundred pound note to change, and after that several of a smaller denomination, did you not?" continued the questioner.

"Quite likely. I can't remember every little money transaction that I have with my friends. It's really impossible, you know."

"No doubt—no doubt. Mr. Boggs remembers it perfectly well, though, and has the large bill now in his possession."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed, and it is a forgery!"

"Ah, I am sorry for that," answered the other indolently. "I will have to make it good, I suppose."

"Will you make the others good, too, for they were all bad, and will you show me if you have any more of the same kind?"

"Sir, this is insolence!" cried Loftus, springing to his feet and hurling the paper weight at the man's head, luckily missing it.

"I am glad of it. Sit still, Jack Stagg, my boy—sit still! Will you have the goodness to roll up your left sleeve?"

"No!"



"I MEAN THAT YON YOUNG GENTLEMAN IS A VILLAIN!" CRIED THE OLD MAN, POINTING AT LOFTUS, WHILE THE LATTER CLENCHED HIS FIST, AND LOOKED PALE AND HAGGARD.

on Bean Island, did not remember ever seeing before.

"By Jove, it's the boat we chased last night!" thought Dick.

There was no use in saying anything.

He could only follow the lead of his silent conductor.

The boy pushed the boat off and jumped in, motioning to Dick to follow.

Dick did so.

In the same silent way the boy made him understand that he was to take the oars and pull toward the bushes.

Dick obeyed.

The bushes seemed to part before him.

In a moment he was out upon the bay.

"By Jove, I know now how that fellow gave us the slip last night!" thought Dick.

But where was he to go?

He looked at his companion inquiringly.

"Mum! Mum! Mum!" muttered the dummy.

And he pointed directly toward Dungeon Rock, which could be distinctly seen down at the mouth of the bay.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"ON THE WHEEL FOR A FORTUNE; OR, THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF A BOY BICYCLIST," BY ALBERT J. BOOTH, NEXT WEEK.

LORD LOFTUS.

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

SOME years ago, while in England, I succeeded in following up a clever scoundrel and bringing him to justice, and thinking

Ethel had liked him very much at first, and it was whispered that she had promised to marry him if her father's consent could be got.

Be this as it may, when old Boggs spoke to her of Kirke's offer, she refused to listen to him, and said that she never regarded the young man with more than an ordinary liking, and that she had better prospects.

"I suppose you mean the young lord as has been here?" answered Boggs.

Ethel nodded affirmatively.

"Weel—weel, lass, have thy ain way about it," answered the old man, "but be thee sure he lo'es thee?"

"He says so," said Ethel, blushing, "and I don't believe he would tell a falsehood."

Lord Loftus, as the young man was called, had first seen Ethel one day when he was tramping about the country on a shooting expedition, and becoming acquainted with her, had spent a good deal of his time at the house, making soft speeches and valuable presents, and winning the young lady's heart completely.

One day, when Lord Loftus had been several weeks in the house, old Boggs being a hospitable man and not a little dazzled by the sight of his lordship's gold, he came in with a stranger and asked Boggs if he would be kind enough to change a hundred pound note for him, as he had nothing smaller, and wished to pay the man who was with him twenty-five pounds.

The old man readily acquiesced, and put the note into his pocketbook, giving gold in exchange, and the two men went out together.

It happened several times after that that Lord Loftus was out of small bills and wanted change, sometimes for a ten pound

bill among the wealthy farmers, and that he was thought to have made considerable money by changing bogus Bank of England notes for gold.

At the same time other reports came, concerning a man who had run away from his wife and had, as it was rumored, been trying to marry the daughter of a rich farmer whose name was not given.

After an absence of a week or so, Lord Loftus returned from London, wearing a wide mourning band upon his hat, and bringing the information that his mother had died, and that he was now the heir to fifty thousand pounds a year, and that he was ready to marry Ethel and take her to London.

Then came the report that the two villains, both the forger and the one who had run away from one, and perhaps more than one wife, were the same person, and that he had been traveling under a false name, that of a young lord who had been many years in India.

While all these rumors were floating about, several mysterious gentlemen were seen prowling around the country, whom no one remembered to have seen before.

At last some one said that they were detectives, and that they were looking for the rascal whose real name was Jack Stagg, a former coachman, and afterward confidential servant to a lord.

The marriage of Lord Loftus and Ethel was to take place in a day, and notwithstanding his lordship's great importance, was to be strictly private.

It was urged that on account of the death of his mother at so recent a date, it would not be right to have a big wedding, but that everything would be perfectly quiet, the young couple settling down in London at once.

It was the afternoon before the expected

"Or let us have a look at the top of your head?"

"No!"

"You admit that you are Jack Stagg?"

"No!"

"Come, Jack," said the legal gentleman, "your game is up. Lord Loftus is still in India, and has not been in England for ten years. Your pals have confessed, and you are in a box. Own up at once, and be a man. We've got you in a corner, and you can't get out, do your best."

The man, whether villain or not, behaved very coolly during the trying ordeal, and did not answer the last remark, sitting with his legs crossed and arms folded and looking up at the ceiling.

Suddenly the door was opened and a woman entered.

"Jack!"

That was all she said, but the man looked at her quickly at the sound of her voice and became greatly agitated.

"Who is this man?" said the legal gentleman, pointing to Loftus.

"My husband, Jack Stagg, formerly Lord Loftus' valet! He ran away and married another woman, calling himself De Lacy, and after taking all her money, made himself scarce."

"By Heaven, you shall pay for this, woman!" yelled the man, and like a flash he drew a revolver and fired.

There was a scream and the sound of a falling body, and then, ere the smoke had cleared, two more shots were fired, and the man sprang toward the open door, and in a moment was away out of the house.

The detectives had not brought all their force into the house, however, and as the man rushed down the pathway, he was followed by two men who fired several shots after him as he went tearing down the road.

Inside all was fright and confusion.

Ethel had fainted; the poor woman was dead, and the legal gentleman had a hole in his side which threatened to prove fatal.

The man with the hang-dog look, and who was from Scotland Yard, had received a slight wound in the shoulder which annoyed him considerably.

He had been the last person shot at, and owing to the aim of the bogus lord being disturbed by the smoke, had come off without any serious hurt.

The detectives had long been working up a case against Jack Stagg, and only because of his approaching marriage had attempted to arrest him where they did, wishing to save the young lady's feelings.

They saw that there was no other chance, unless they arrested him in church, which would be worse yet, as he would most likely remain in the farm-house until the morning.

Consequently there was nothing to be done but make the arrest in the house, and they would have done it quietly but for the impetuosity of old Boggs, who, as soon as he knew of the matter, flew into a terrible rage.

Meanwhile, Jack Stagg, for he it was, ran madly down the road pursued by the detectives, and occasionally firing a shot at them.

He had intended, as soon as he had got possession of Ethel's dowry, to abandon her and go elsewhere, and continue his nefarious practices.

He knew that the officers were on his track, for the man who had spoken to him on the day of the hunt, when he had gone, presumably, to see his mother, was one of his pals, and had put him upon his guard.

Having, as he thought, thrown the detectives off the track, he returned to Yorkshire, meaning to get possession of Ethel's money, and go either to America or some other part of England.

As has been seen he was prevented from carrying out his plot, and but for the hot-headedness of old Boggs Ethel need have known nothing about it.

Jack Stagg kept on down the road, when he suddenly ran into the arms of another detective who had been stationed there to stop the fugitive in case he did make an attempt to escape, as the others feared he might.

This man seized the scoundrel and clapped a pair of handcuffs upon his wrists before he could recover his breath.

He was fully identified as Jack Stagg by the letters on his arm and the scar on top of his head, and in his possession was found a considerable amount of counterfeit banknotes.

The others of the gang having been captured there was no use of the man's trying to keep up appearances any longer, and he confessed everything and he was sent to prison for a term of years.

Here he showed his abilities in another direction by breaking jail and letting out two of his accomplices.

The trio were pursued, and two were caught; but Jack struggled bravely for freedom, and seizing one of his pursuers in his arms, sprang with him over a bridge, and down into the boiling waters, not ten feet away from a roaring dam.

The men were both swept over by the force of the current and were drowned,

their bodies being found miles below, locked in each other's arms, and cold in death.

The villain had, even at the last, baffled his pursuers, and showed the same disregard of human life which had always been one of his strongest characteristics.

Poor Ethel survived her terrible disappointment, and married the young farmer Kirke, and in the various cares and duties of a rich farmer's wife forgot the danger which she had nearly fallen into through her fancied love for the pseudo LORD LOFTUS.

ALBERT J. BOOTH COMES TO THE FRONT AGAIN NEXT WEEK WITH A BRAND NEW BICYCLE STORY. HE CONSIDERS IT THE BEST STORY HE EVER WROTE.

[This story commenced in No. 1.]

MAZEPPA No. 2, THE Boy Fire Company of Carlton; OR, Plucky Work on Ladder and Line.

By ROBERT LENNOX,

Author of "Wide Awake Will, the Plucky Boy Fireman of No. 3," "Harry Hook, the Boy Fireman of No. 1," "Dick Dasher, the Boy Bicycle Rider," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RUIN OF AL MORTON.

THE sound of the pistol shot rang through the big hotel with a startling distinctness.

It was heard down-stairs in the main office, in the billiard room, the barroom, and out on the piazza, and the guests and others looked at each other inquiringly. Then a scream and a rush followed.

The scream came from Dora Hazen.

When Tom sprang forward and grappled with Al Morton she never moved or uttered a word. She stood like one dazed, gazing at them in a death struggle on the floor.

Suddenly she saw Al press the muzzle of a revolver against Tom's side. Then she screamed, darted forward and seized the weapon, wrenching it from his hand. It was at that moment that help came. Tom had the upper hand of him, but he was still struggling fiercely and yelling:

"I'll kill him! I'll kill 'em both!"

The guests separated them.

Tom went back to look for Dora; but the wild shrieks that came from Al Morton told that he had lost his reason and had suddenly become insane.

He found her standing near the mantel with the revolver still in her hand.

She did not seem to be aware that she still had it.

"Dora, you saved my life," he said.

"Yes, Tom, and now you are mine more than ever," and that was the idea uppermost in her mind in the moment of greatest peril.

Ere he could make any reply to that, Mrs. Morton rushed into the room with a wild, haggard glare in her eyes, exclaiming:

"Dora Pelham, you have done your wicked work! You have dethroned my son's reason and now he is a raving maniac. I shall curse the day you were born!"

"I am sorry for him and sorry for you, aunt," she replied, "but it is not my work and I am in no way responsible for it."

"It is your work. You have dethroned his reason. You knew how he loved you, and you encouraged him."

"I did not encourage him. On the contrary, I discouraged him all I could. I am in no way responsible for it."

"I say you are! I hate you, and will call down the curse of—"

"You are going crazy too, aunt," Dora replied. "I hope it does not run in the family on my father's side. Tom, ring the bell, please, for the servants to take her away. I have a horror of crazy people."

That was too much for the mother of Al. She turned and left the room with an indignant air and hurried away to her own apartments.

"She will never forgive you, Dora," Tom said to his wife as soon as they were alone together.

"I am sure I shall not ask her to," was the reply. "I think it will take me a long time to forgive her."

They remained in their apartment till friends came to inquire if either had been hurt, and then were told that Al was clean gone mentally, and his mother almost in a state of collapse.

"I am sorry for them," Tom said to the

physician, who told him the news. "I am not hurt in the least, but it was a close call. One bullet went into the wall there, and another brought down a lot of plastering from the ceiling overhead," and he pointed to the places as he spoke.

Many of the guests of the house called to congratulate Dora on her narrow escape. Being the daughter of the governor she was very popular, and Tom was none the less so.

But when the news reached the engine house of Mazeppa No. 2 the boys became greatly excited. They seemed to think that Al Morton's insanity was feigned for the purpose, and at last decided to send Jack Thorn and Bill Saxton to see Tom about it.

Tom and Dora were seated in their little parlor with a couple of ladies who had called when Jack, Dolly and Bill were shown in.

The two brides ran into each other's arms and hugged and kissed in a mutual sympathy.

"Well, you are alive yet, old man," Jack remarked as he shook hands with Tom.

"Yes, I am pretty hard to kill, I guess," said Tom, as Bill and Jack took seats. "But he'd have finished me but for Dora," and he explained to them how she had seized and wrenched the pistol from Al Morton's hand just in time to save him.

"And he has gone clean daft?" Jack asked.

"Yes, no doubt of that."

"Well, we didn't know. That let's him out."

"How?"

"Why, if he is crazy—off his base—we have nothing to say, that's all," and Tom knew then that the boys of Mazeppa meant to avenge him if there were any just grounds for doing so.

"Yes" he said; "he was off, and I guess they'll lock him up somewhere to keep him from doing harm. How are the boys doing at the engine house?"

"Working like beavers getting ready for the big parade. Can you get out in time to be with us?"

"Yes; I think so."

"Well, if you and Dora and Dolly are not on hand it will be a failure sure," Bill Saxton said in a very emphatic way.

"Don't worry about us," Tom said. "We'll be there if nothing happens to us."

The young firemen had a pleasant visit and then took leave of Tom and Dora. Jack and his wife went home and Bill Saxton hastened back to the engine house to tell the boys what Tom had said.

He had hardly finished telling his story when the fire bell struck.

Instantly every member was at his post, and in ten seconds the huge engine dashed out of the engine house, and went off down the street with a roar.

They went past the Carlton House, and saw Tom and Dora at the window. A wild cheer went up from each boy fireman, and the next moment they were out of sight down the street.

It was a big fire, and two lives were lost. The firemen of the three companies worked like heroes, and saved several. But no daring deeds were done save by Dan Allen, who came near losing his life in trying to get an old man out of the burning building. He succeeded, however, and the firemen and spectators cheered him as he came down to the ground.

The next morning, when Tom read the account of the fire in the papers, he said to Dora that he was sorry he was not there with the boys.

"Well, I am glad you were not," she replied. "You are not strong enough yet for such hard work," and she sat down by him and told him of many things she wished him to do now that he was her husband.

But that very day his physician told him he could go out and would run no risk whatever, so far as his hurt was concerned.

"Then I am going to see the boys to-night," he said to Dora.

"But you must not run to any fires, she quickly interposed."

"Well, I won't if no fire breaks out," he returned smilingly.

He went to the company's hall and the boys received him with a hurrah, crowding about him to shake his hand.

"You have everything in shape for the parade, I see," he remarked to Saxton.

"Yes, and you ought to see the wreaths we have for the two brides who are to ride in front of the engine," Saxton replied.

"We are going to take the prize all along the line and don't you forget it."

Clang—clang—clang!

The great fire bell once more called them to duty, and Tom Hazen was one of the first to bound down-stairs, don his fireman's hat, seize his trumpet, and dash out with the engine for the scene of conflagration.

The fire was in a tenement house down in the lower end of the city. The building was of frame, four stories high, and burnt like tinder. It was crowded with poor families, some of whom had retired to rest after a daily struggle for bread.

Mazeppa No. 2 was the second company to reach the fire, the Vigilance being much nearer to it than the others.

But the difference was only a few brief moments, and in an incredibly short space of time two streams were pouring upon the burning building.

"Up with the ladders!" cried Tom, and the boys, cheered by the sound of his voice, rushed the ladders up to a third story window where two women were screaming for help.

Tom sprang forward and went up the ladder with the agility of a squirrel.

"Come out on the ladder!" he called to both of the women, and one came out to him.

The other one was in the act of climbing out when a loud explosion in the room behind her sent her headlong down upon Tom and the other who had preceded her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FIRE—DORA'S ADVENTURE.

THE woman uttered a wild shriek and fell heavily on the one Tom was assisting down the ladder. The other screamed, and then all three went tumbling earthward together.

A cry of horror went up from both firemen and spectators, for all seemed to be looking upon the death of all three at one blow.

But, with a pertinacity that never once forsook him, Tom fiercely gripped both women as he went down with them, and as all three went tumbling along the ladder, he tried to break the force of their fall by catching on to the rungs with his legs.

Suddenly, when some six feet above, both his legs went between the rungs.

Instantly he crooked them and thus hung suspended head downward, still holding on to the two women.

The dress of one tore loose and she fell to the ground. But the force of her fall was so broken she was not hurt.

The other one he held to and she hung just a few feet above the ground. Two firemen quickly rescued her, and then Tom followed, completely exhausted by the tremendous strain to which he had been subjected.

But the wild cheering that went up from every eye witness of his gallant act was heard half way across the city.

"That was the hardest strain I ever had, Bill!" he said to Saxton as he was led away. "I couldn't go up that ladder again even to save my own life!"

"You shouldn't go up again even if you wanted to," put in Dan Allen. "There! Look at Ben Stewart! He is coming down with a baby!"

Tom wheeled and glanced up at Ben as he was coming down another ladder, and asked:

"Where is the mother of that baby?"

"Don't know?" some one replied.

"Has she been saved?"

"Don't know."

"Has no one seen her?"

"Don't know."

"She must be saved!" and he broke away and sprang for the ladder.

"Come back!"

"Catch him!"

"Hold him!"

They caught him at the foot of the ladder and held him.

"Take him away!" sung out the fire chief, and they led him away from the scene.

"Send some one up after her, chief!" he called out.

"I think she is already down," the chief replied.

"Don't let her burn," pleaded the brave young fireman.

But it turned out that the young mother of the babe had been taken out by one of the members of Vigilance fire company.

The news of his narrow escape from death by a fall from the ladder flew like wildfire and soon reached the Carlton House.

Dora heard of it, of course, for there are always people who make it a business to do things they ought not to do, and she immediately called a carriage.

By the time it was ready, she had asked a gentleman to go with her.

They were driven rapidly toward the scene of conflagration.

But when within two blocks of it the horses took fright and dashed down another street at full speed.

The driver was soon thrown from his seat.

The gentleman with her opened the carriage door and yelled:

"Whoa! whoa!"

That seemed to add to the fright of the horses, and they dashed round a corner so suddenly as to throw the gentleman out.

Then she was all alone in the doomed carriage.

But not once did she cry out. She was a brave girl.

She decided to wait and see if some one would not stop the maddened steeds.

On, on they went, down into one of the worst parts of the city, and dashed into a

lamp-post, smashing carriage and post to flinders.

The horses tore loose from the wreck and went on.

It happened in front of a low saloon in which several tramps and low characters were carousing.

The crash caused all hands to run out and see what it was.

Dora was found unconscious in the wreck, and taken up and borne into the saloon, where a glass of brandy was forced down her throat.

She soon came to, and looking around at the rough men about her, asked:

"Where am I?"

"Down in Bayard street, mum," replied the saloon keeper.

"How far from the fire?"

"I dunno, mum."

"How far is it to the Carlton House?" she asked.

"More'n a mile, mum."

She looked at her left hand, on which a scratch had drawn blood, and saw that her two diamond rings were gone.

She instinctively knew that she had fallen among thieves, and all her woman's wit was called to her aid. Said she:

"My carriage ran away and I don't know where I am. If you will send someone to show me the way back to the hotel, I'll pay you well."

Instantly every bloated villain sprang to her side, exclaiming:

"I'll show you, mum! I'll show you home!"

She was appalled at the array of villainous faces about her.

But she dared not make a choice of one of them as a guide or escort.

Just at that moment a young woman came in from a rear room and said:

"Stand back, youse blokes! I'll show the lady home!"

She was a tall, well-formed young woman, whose face showed traces of much beauty and more dissipation. Dora gazed at her, and saw that she was one of the city's outcasts. But she was a woman, so she said:

"It is kind of you and I shall not forget it."

"What you are I once was myself," the woman replied, "but now I am nothing—not but Lushing Mag. But I'll show you home. Come on," and she started toward the street door.

Two men followed them.

"Bill Adams!" cried Mag, in a very determined tone of voice, as she turned on one of the two. "You and Swabsey go back, or I'll fall aboard of you!"

"What's the matter with yer, Mag?" Swabsey asked.

Her fist shot out like a flash, and landed on his nose.

He shot backward, and landed on the floor on his back.

"That's what's the matter!" she said, as she took hold of Dora's arm and led her out on the sidewalk.

Swabsey picked himself up, and repaired to the rear room to bathe his battered nose, and the others kept discreetly out of the way.

"They are a bad lot, all of 'em!" Mag remarked, as she walked along by Dora's side.

"Oh, they are awful," Dora replied.

"It's a wonder I am alive."

"Yes. It's long been a wonder with me that I live. I haven't the courage to die, for I have tried it several times."

"Do you want to die?"

"Yes, and would bless the hand that kills me."

Dora shuddered.

To her life had always been sweet and she said so.

"Yes. Once it was sweet to me and my pathway was strewn with roses. But I married a villain and went wrong with him. He is now in prison and I am an outcast."

"Could you not reform and live a new life if you had a chance?" Dora asked.

"I have no means of living an honest life, and my own sex would never let me forget the past."

"Ah! Here comes a party in search of me!" cried Dora, joyfully, as she recognized the gentleman who had been thrown from the carriage in a party of men and boys.

"Ah! Mrs. Hazen!" cried the gentleman, on seeing her, by the aid of a street light. "I am glad to find you unhurt. Where is the carriage?"

"It's a wreck," said Dora, who then turned to Mag and shook hands with her, saying:

"I will send for you or see you again—good-bye, and keep a good heart," after which she turned and went with her escort.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

As soon as she was safe under the protection of her escort Dora asked:

"Have you been to the fire?"

"No," he replied. "My first duty was to follow you and render any assistance you might need."

"You have not heard from Tom?"

"No. Tom has all his company with him to look after him. Are you hurt in any way?"

"I really don't know. I have thought only of Tom."

"Just like a loving wife. Tom is a lucky fellow and ought to be the happiest man in the world."

"And he shall be if I can make him so," she replied. "But you must find out where the fire is and take me there."

"Oh, that's easy enough—we can follow the glare of the conflagration," and they turned in that direction when they had gone a few blocks further.

When they came in sight of the burning buildings which had now become a great bed of coals on which the firemen were still pouring streams of water, it was all her escort could do to keep her from rushing right into the very hottest place to ask for Tom.

"Tom has been sent home," Bill Saxton said.

Dora sprang forward and asked:

"Is he hurt?"

"No, but he had a narrow escape and the chief sent him home."

"He would not have been sent away unless he was hurt," she replied, turning to her escort. "Take me home, please," and she looked faint and weak.

Just then Jack Thorn saw her and ran up to ask if she had seen Tom.

"No. I came after him."

"The rogue is all right. The chief sent him home because two lives are enough for one man to save. Lord, but you should have seen him. I thought he was a goner at one time, but don't think he is hurt the least bit."

That was enough. His cheerful manner and jolly way of expressing himself satisfied her that Tom was not much hurt, if hurt at all.

"Come, we'll go home," she said, and they turned away from the scene of the fire and hurried up the street.

They tried to find another carriage, but could not, so they turned off and walked two blocks, where they boarded a street car.

When they reached the hotel Dora found Tom very uneasy about her.

She ran to him, threw her arms about his neck and burst into tears.

"Oh, I thought you were hurt!" she sobbed.

"Well, you see how groundless your fears were, do you not?" he said.

"Yes, but those who were with you thought you were killed. They told me so."

"Well, you see that I am all right, don't you? You should not have gone out, dear."

"Oh, I couldn't help it," and then she told him the story of her adventures during the evening.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "your escape was even narrower than mine! Hanged if I won't have to lock you in when I go out again."

"And worse still, my rings and eardrops were taken."

"What, your diamonds?"

"Yes."

"Well, it takes a woman to do some things."

"Yes, and always on account of some man," she retorted.

They did not quarrel—far from it—for they were too much in love with each other to do so.

Though he said he was not hurt, Tom felt sore in every fibre and muscle the next morning. It had been the worst strain to which he had ever been subjected, and he felt little like going out that day.

The press praised his gallant deed in glowing terms, and Dora was prouder than ever of her choice.

Not one of the Mortons came to her side, when scores were sending up congratulations to her and Tom.

At last the day of the great firemen's parade came, and bands of music were heard all over the city.

The Mazeppa's engine had been kept hidden from the public all the day before, and no one outside the company knew just how it was going to be decorated.

Every member was in a new uniform and felt sure of taking the prize as they marched through the streets of the city.

When they passed out of the engine house the engine was a marvel of beauty. It was covered with huge bridal wreaths. So were the horses, and on the big black horse on the right sat Dora, clad in bridal robes. On the other sat Dollie similarly dressed. They were both beauties, and the happiness that shone in their faces rendered them more beautiful still.

It was a sight never to be forgotten, for ever since the world began a bride has always been interesting to men and women.

As Mazeppa No. 2 moved along the line, women waved handkerchiefs and fans, and men hats and canes, whilst shouting themselves hoarse.

The fact that the bride on the right was the daughter of the governor of the State, rendered her all the more interesting.

Tom and Jack, the two happy husbands,

of the brides, marched on foot in front of the engine. Both had performed marvelous deeds, and their fame was known to all the vast multitude who cheered the procession.

As they passed the Carlton House, Dora looked up and saw her father and mother on the balcony. They had just arrived.

The surprise was mutual.

They did not know that she was going to ride in the parade, and she did not dream of their presence in the city.

All Dora could do was to throw kisses at them as she rode slowly by. The parents were so proud of her beauty and devotion, that they did not hesitate to wave hands and handkerchiefs at her.

As the parade moved along, Dora heard many expressions that caused her to look in the direction they came from. In glancing into a dense throng on the sidewalk she caught the eyes of "Lushy Mag," and she spoke to her.

Instantly Mag ran to her side and grasped her hand.

When she let go Dora felt something that had been left with her. She glanced at it and found one of her diamond rings and both ear drops.

She looked quickly round for Mag, but she had vanished in the crowd.

She placed the jewelry where they belonged and passed on.

When the parade was over she hastened in a carriage to join her parents at the hotel. Tom was with her.

"Here's my Tom, mother!" she exclaimed, as she and Tom entered the room where they were.

The mother greeted Tom with a motherly embrace and called him her son. That completed the happiness of both.

After the parade Tom resigned his place as foreman of Mazeppa No. 2, and Jack Thorn was promoted to succeed him.

Al Morton was sent to an asylum, where he remained for two years, and was then pronounced cured. His mother then took him to Europe.

Tom tried to find "Lushy Mag" and see what could be done for her. But she had suddenly left her usual haunts and was never seen in Carlton again. It was never known what became of her.

The Bryans soon left the city to avoid the consequences of their attempt to ruin the good name of Tom Hazen. They had failed in their efforts, and thought it safer to leave Carlton forever.

Tom and Dora moved to the home of the governor, and a year later a child was born to them—a boy.

Tom studied law in the office of the governor, and in the course of time represented the district in Congress. But he never forgot the boy firemen of Carlton, for he paid them a visit once a year, and had them to dine with him at the Carlton, where they ate and sang songs, and talked of old times and their plucky work on LADDER AND LINE.

[THE END.]

ALBERT J. BOOTH'S GREAT BICYCLE STORY BEGINS IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF HAPPY DAYS. DON'T FAIL TO READ IT.

THE SIMIAN'S REVENGE.

An old traveling salesman tells the following story: "It was down on the old East Dock, where many of the big East Indians used to come. I was a young fellow then, just starting in business, and a junior clerk for one of the big paper warehouses there. One of the firm was great friends with the captain of a big India liner, and on one of the home voyages the captain brought back a big gorilla that he had picked up at some port on the way. He gave him to our boss, and as Mr. Boulder did not have any room for 'Gooro'—that was what they called him—in his own house, they left him down at the paper warehouse, where he was chained in the engine-room, principally because it was hot down there.

"He had a nasty temper when they first got him, so that there were very few people who could handle him, but after he had been in the house for nearly a year he seemed to get used to his surroundings, so that he was given the liberty of nearly the whole establishment, and some of us younger fellows struck up quite an intimacy with him, sharing our luncheon with him at noon and treating him pretty much as one of us, for he smoked and drank, and did everything but swear in English. He could swear fluently enough in his own tongue when he got mad. He would get mad occasionally when any of the boys teased him, and would wait a month if necessary to find a chance to get even.

"And he would not stop at anything in the way of a mean turn to a man he disliked, from upsetting a bucket of engine grease on his head to turning a steam jet on him, which last he did to the engineer once and nearly parboiled him.

"But we must put up with these little eccentricities for the sake of having such a

strange pet about, and everything went all right until Ned Hannan, my particular chum in the store, put a big lump of shoemaker's wax down on the seat where Gooro was in the habit of sitting, and glued him down. He nearly tore the place up, and we had to fairly cut him loose with a hammer and cold chisel. Ned kept shy of him for some days, and we thought the affair had blown over. But we did not know Gooro's capacity for harboring a grudge.

"There was a big paper cutting machine in the warehouse, such as you can find in almost any big paper store, only a larger one than usual. It had a six-foot knife like a guillotine, that traveled up and down in grooves with a big fly wheel attachment and multiplying gear that gave force to its stroke so that it would cut through a pile of paper two feet thick like slicing cheese.

"We had taught George to run this machine, and used to make use of him often, saving ourselves a good deal of work by putting him up on the iron table and letting him twist the cutting wheel while one of us arranged the piles of paper on the table below. He used to enjoy it, and got so that he would twist the wheel like a steam engine, gurgling and chattering like a Sandwich Islander and raising or lowering the knife as we told him.

"One evening we had a lot of big, six-foot manila paper to cut, just about as big as the machine would take, and as it was a long job Ned and I stayed after the rest of the force went home to finish it up. We let Gooro work the wheel and got along beautifully. We had nearly finished the job when we ran out of tobacco, and Ned told me to run up and look in his desk, where I would find some. We were down in the basement, and it was a rather long trip up to the front office, and when I got up there I found some odd work on my desk to put away, so that I must have been gone nearly a quarter of an hour.

"When I came back I paused at the basement door, and you can imagine my surprise to see Ned stretched out across the table of the cutting machine, pinned down by the knife, and the big ape dancing around him and occasionally running over to pinch him or pull his hair or turn the wheel and tighten down the knife a trifle. It was an awful scene.

"Ned told me afterward how it happened. He had been changing the set of the gauge on the cutting table, and, after loosening up the screws on the side where he was standing, had thrown himself across, without thinking, under the blade of the knife to loosen those on the opposite side. That was apparently just what Gooro had been looking for, and he spun the wheel around and caught Ned with the knife right across the back. The ape could have cut him in two just as easy as not, and he doubtless would have done it before he got through, but he seemed to want some fun out of the performance first, and sat down on the end of the table, jabbering and chuckling and pulling Ned's hair, and every now and then taking another turn on the wheel.

"Then he would loosen up the knife till there was almost a chance for Ned to wriggle out, but the first move Ned made the hairy devil would pull him to the table again. As I say, I could not have been gone from the room more than a quarter of an hour, but Ned declared it seemed like two days, and when I came back Gooro had just about made up his mind to finish the job, and was screwing down the knife.

"I saw what was up as soon as I got to the door, and I knew that if I went to making any row, the gorilla was likely to finish Ned off hand, and then take a turn at me, and I knew I was no match single-handed for him in a rough-and-tumble fight. I did not have a gun, and there was not even a penknife around the place, so far as I knew, but as I was looking around my foot hit against a big iron scale weight that was propping open the door.

"It weighed about five pounds, but I picked it up and threw it as hard as I knew how and it got the ape, as luck would have it, right in the back of the neck. He dropped on the table as though he had been shot and I let Ned up in a hurry. But there was no need to hurry, for the gorilla never kicked. When we looked at him we found that the blow had broken his neck.

"Mr. Boulder never said a word about the killing, and I think he was rather glad to get rid of the beast. But I don't want any more fights with gorillas."

One of Uncle Sam's most faithful servants in Maine, but one that draws no salary, lives at Portland Head Lighthouse. This is a large gray parrot, brought from Africa some time ago and presented to the keeper of the light. The bird soon noticed that when the fog began to blow in from the ocean, somebody would cry out, "Fog coming in; blow the horn!" One day the fog suddenly began to come in thick and no one noticed it, as they were all busy. Poll noticed this, and croaked out, "Fog coming in; blow the horn!" and now, whenever fog is perceptible, Poll never fails to give warning.

\$500 FOR A POSTAGE STAMP.

That is what a collector of our acquaintance recently received. The stamp was issued by the Baltimore Post Office, and was once common. It grew rare as time went on.

We have purchased a lot of foreign postage stamps to distribute among the readers of HAPPY DAYS.

They are from all parts of the globe, and many are of old issue, and are growing more rare and valuable.

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Look at page 2 and see the coupon. This one is No. 6. Every issue of HAPPY DAYS has its coupon. By cutting out these coupons, from No. 1 to 15, and sending them to us, we will send you by return mail a package of

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Hundreds of Readers Are Sending in Funny Faces Daily.

We publish a few of them below. Space will not allow us to print more in this number, but every number of HAPPY DAYS, from now until competition closes, will contain a few of the funniest faces sent in by its readers.

Readers who have their funny faces printed in HAPPY DAYS must not conclude that they have drawn a prize, as we have hundreds of faces from other readers that are just as funny, but which we cannot publish for lack of space. No decision will be made until competition closes, DUE NOTICE OF WHICH WILL BE GIVEN.

Be Sure and Follow Directions as Printed Below.

You will find on page 2 of this paper a blank circle.

See if you can make a funny face from it with only four strokes of a pen.

We will give the following prizes to our readers who send us the funniest faces:

\$50.00 for the Funniest Face. \$25.00 for the 2nd Funniest.

\$15.00 for the 3rd Funniest. \$10.00 for the 4th

Funniest. \$5.00 for the 5th Funniest.

The faces must be drawn with a pen in black ink. Those drawn with pencil will not be accepted.

In drawing the faces you must not use more than four distinct pen movements in circles, curves, or whatever you may choose.

A FEW MORE OF THE FUNNIEST.

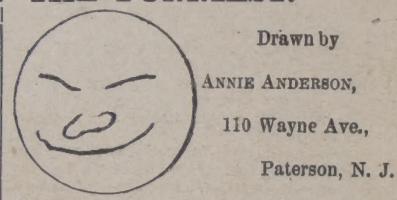


Drawn by

H. C. HAWLEY,

643 Sixth Ave.,

New York.

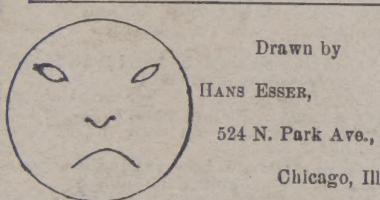


Drawn by

ANNIE ANDERSON,

110 Wayne Ave.,

Paterson, N. J.

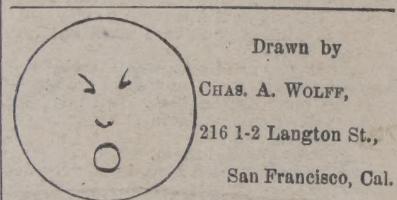


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HANS ESSER,

524 N. Park Ave.,

Chicago, Ills.

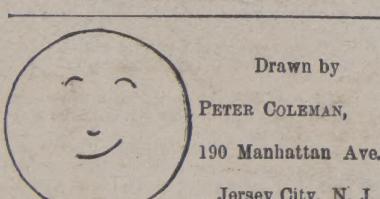


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CHAS. A. WOLFF,

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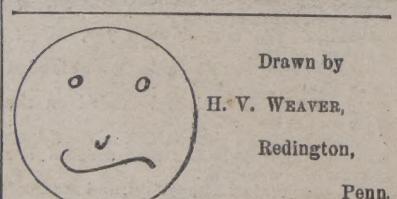


Drawn by

PETER COLEMAN,

190 Manhattan Ave.,

Jersey City, N. J.



Drawn by

H. V. WEAVER,

Redington,

Penn.

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You can send as many faces as you like, but they must all be made in the circles printed in HAPPY DAYS.

A blank circle will appear in HAPPY DAYS each week until competition closes. Cut out the coupon on 2nd page containing circle, write your name and address on lines attached, and send to

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